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TLS

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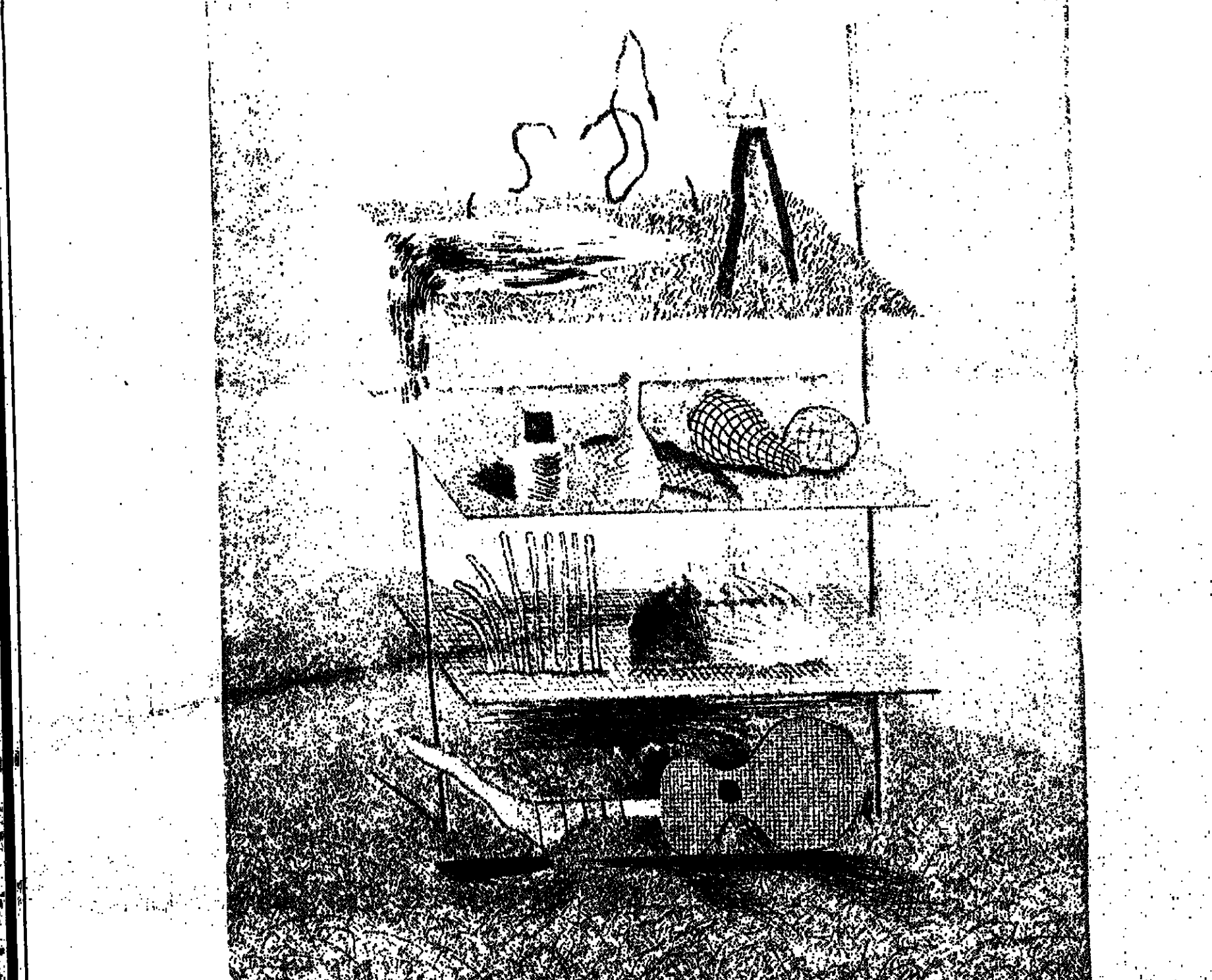
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The Blue Guitar, one of eighteen etchings by David Hockney to be published by the Petersburg Press this spring. Five more are reproduced on Page 60.

Kenneth Clark, Keith Thomas, Stuart Piggott, Dan Jacobson, S. S. Prawer, Hugh Honour, Louis Auchincloss, Anthony Burgess
Seventy-five years on: Modern reputations revisited

The Habsburgs as patrons

By Kenneth Clark

HUGH TREVOR-ROPER: *Princes and Artists*. 176pp. Thames and Hudson. £6.50.

Hugh Trevor-Roper's *Princes and Artists* is a study of patronage by members of the Habsburg family. It is not only a historical entertainment of a high order, but a warning to art-historians. For over fifty years these have concerned themselves first with questions of form and style, and then with abstract problems of iconography. They have not done enough to examine the relationship of artists with the cultural and historical backgrounds of their time. The legacy of Jacob Burckhardt and Carl Justi has been lost. Professor Trevor-Roper would not claim to have followed his two great predecessors into the field of art-history. He makes no attempt to analyse styles or interpret symbols in the Warburgian manner. But he has a vast fund of historical knowledge, and into this rich background he has inserted the artists in their proper places.

The resulting impression is how enormously important artists were to the great princes of the day, and how, in return, the princes' ideologies dominated the artists. One example will do for all. The Grand Duke of Tuscany, anxious to curry favour with the Pope, offered him Benvenuto Cellini's "Circumcision", which the sculptor had carved for his own tomb. Philip accepted the offer with delight. He looked forward with excitement to the arrival of the statue, which he intended to set up over the high altar in the Escorial. Its arrival was celebrated like the coming of a great prince; no expense, no ceremony was spared. But when it was unpacked and could be scrutinised, Philip's enthusiasm faded: the statue, he now discovered, had neither grandeur nor decorum, two qualities which to him were essential. He banished it to a dark chapel, behind the choir, where it still stands, almost invisible. This is the kind of incident that the art-historian must continually bear in mind.

In ordinary textbooks the first half of the sixteenth century provides some of the most disconcerting chapters in European history: pointless and monotonous wars, meaningless changes of alliance, complicated dynastic marriages. At last, in Professor Trevor-Roper's

book we can see the period more humanely, as Charles V's heroic attempt, to support the Catholic faith without sacrificing the ideals of Erasmian humanism. He failed. The forces of intolerance and sectarian greed for power were too strong for him. We are told in an account of his speech of dedication that there was not a dry eye in the great assembly, and to this day one cannot read it without recapturing some of the same emotion. But at least he had achieved the Peace of Augsburg, which kept the northern Empire in a relatively peaceful condition during the second half of the century, while his son was trying to repress the new religious convictions by the stake.

Professor Trevor-Roper describes this historical background in a series of vivid allusions, which hold one's attention and arouse one's curiosity. But what interests him most is the character of the princes whose activities as patrons of art are the real subject of the book. He has always enjoyed describing personalities, and in Maximilian I, Charles V, Philip II and Rudolf II, he has material made to his hand. It is arguable that in the last chapters, where the characters of the "archdukes" are less dramatic, the book loses some of its giddiness, and one is tempted to wish that the author had begun the four lectures from which this book originated with one on Maximilian I and his patronage of Dürer, instead of allowing the just, but colourless "archdukes" to be supplanted by Rubens. The book could then have ended with the greatest character of all, the Emperor Rudolf II.

Many readers will find this the most interesting lecture of the series, not only because Rudolf was so eccentric, but because his attempt to combine two forms of natural revelation, science and art, although it involved a good deal of fantasy, did lead to the employment of genuinely great scientists, like Tycho Brahe and Johann Kepler.

What would one not give to have seen Rudolf's museum in the Hradstchin, with its astrolobes and orreries, globes, terrestrial and celestial, as well as records of natural history, and a multitude of fantastic clocks which, at moments of crisis, the emperor spent his time repairing, as (for some mysterious reason) royal persons have done ever since. The original Ashmolean Museum must have been a faint, provincial reflection of this extra-

ordinary attempt to find out how things worked. The Hradstchin also contained what we usually mean by works of art: the most diverse, determined and unscrupulous of the four collectors described in this book. He had agents everywhere, he bullied his client princes to part with their greatest treasures; and he even managed to prise famous pictures out of churches—a strange reversal of the patronage of a hundred years earlier, and one which was to reach its climax in the museological deprivations of the nineteenth century.

The sad thing was that this period of extravagant patronage coincided with one of those curious deaths of talent that seem to afflict European art for about thirty years almost every century, usually in the 70s. Philip II at least had the ninety-year-old Titian, but after that where could he turn? To El Greco? But as Professor Trevor-Roper points out, Philip was hostile to mannerism, and so El Greco was rejected, and the king of Roman mannerism, Federico Zuccaro, was sent home with a golden handshake. Under the circumstances it is rather hard to understand why Philip entrusted so much work to Tiziano, who, although he was a better artist than Richard Ford supposed, must be considered a mannerist. Rudolf was in an even worse position, because by his time mannerism itself was running down, and he had to

make do with one of its last representatives, Bartolomeo Spranger, whom Professor Trevor-Roper admires more than I do. Incidentally the author propounds one of the amusing "ifs" of history: if the wandering Cretan, El Greco, who never ceased to read, write and talk chiefly in Greek, instead of going to Spain, had gone to Prague, where his mannerist style would have aroused no qualms.

The artist whom Rudolf most admired and longed to install in the Hradstchin was Giovanni da Bologna, but he was forbidden by the Grand Duke of Tuscany to leave Florence, and although the Grand Duchess was Rudolf's daughter, Gianbologna never set foot in Prague. Nevertheless Rudolf conferred on him a title of nobility. What an age for artists to live in, we might suppose, when their presence was thought to confer so much lustre on the principal courts of Europe. And yet the great schools of painting had grown up in industrial towns, patronised by the bourgeoisie. In fact Rudolf did succeed in acquiring the work of one such painter, and incomparably the most gifted and original artist of the north, Pieter Breughel, but he was emphatically not the product of the servant's court. He also secured a number of "old masters", in particular the works of Dürer. He persuaded the church of S. Bartolomeo in Venice to surrender to him its greatest

treasure, Dürer's "Feast of the Carnivals". It was brought to Venice to Prague by relay, strong men who held it upright, carried it over the Alps wrapped in furs.

This was Rudolf's great triumph, and by a curious coincidence it is practically the only item of collection that is still in Prague; the rest was looted by the Swedes in 1648, and passed in part to Sweden.

But although the section on Rudolf II may be the most sympathetic of the book, the moving is that on Philip II. Professor Trevor-Roper has never known for his admiration of a Roman Catholic Church, and might have expected his portrait of Philip II to reflect that feeling: the contrary, it is one of the most sympathetic descriptions of the monarch I have read. The author no doubt has been influenced, as would not be, by Philip's legacy, his daughters. But what has not converted him is the incredible diligence. A king can hardly fail to admire a man with such passion for detail.

The account of the conception and execution of the Escorial, perhaps the best thing in the book, that a man with complex ideas of state on his mind, a man who over who saw himself as the champion of the orthodox Catholic Church, should have occupied himself with the size and furniture of each room in his monastery, is a later story to do with the story every cabin on the Armada, as seem rather crazy, but also touching, because it reflects Philip's devotion to an ideal of duty, even prescribed every drug in a dispensary.

For the art-historian the interest of the Escorial is that it symbolises on a gigantic scale, Philip's desire to put the clock back. At no point does it foreshadow the Counter-Reformation. Professor Trevor-Roper calls it anti-reformation. Philip would have liked it as a pre-reformation, but the elements of style were not available. In reality it is rather dangerous

to invoke the name of Michelangelo in this connection, in spite of the fact that the first "architect" of the Escorial, Juan Bautista de Toledo, had been his pupil, because Michelangelo's most personal designs, like the library staircase at S. Lorenzo, are usually, and rightly, claimed as the sources of architectural mannerism.

Stylistically the Escorial is an anachronism from which all contemporary trends have been banished. This repudiation of the art of his time was extended to music. Philip substituted plain-song for the glorious polyphony of Josquin des Prés. The most determined monarch cannot hold back a revisionist process in the arts, and late in his reign Spain produced the greatest polyphonist of his age, deeper and more genuinely religious than Palestrina, Tomás Luis de Victoria.

The author's brilliant portrait of Philip omits one feature which seems to me important. He often refers to the king as "chaste", but seems to attach no importance to the fact that he commissioned from Titian, "fidel y amado nuestro", such riots of sensuous appetite as

the "Diana and Actaeon". These leave us in no doubt that Philip, in his life of duty, was repressing a powerful sensuality. A psychologist examining this side of his character might be able to throw a little more light on Philip's admiration for Hieronymus Bosch, which is not satisfactorily explained as a devotion to truth and to detail.

Professor Trevor-Roper comes near to the answer when he says, "Did his love of order and formality spring really from some inward turbulence which that order was needed to repress, but which these consecrated fantasies served to purge?" The truth is that we are only now beginning to take a serious interest in this fascinating character, who, to the average Englishman, has remained for four hundred years the number one boy-man of our history.

Reviewers traditionally conclude their notices by mentioning a few slips that could be corrected. I feel that Professor Trevor-Roper must forgive me if I comply with tradition and give three examples from the pages on Titian. The third mention of the Titian-Aretino triumvirate was not, respectively Memmi but Jacopo

Sansovino. Orazio was not, alas, Titian's "only son". He had an elder brother named Pomponio, who was such a bad egg that Aretino wrote him letters of reproof. And few modern students of Titian believe that he died of the plague, as those who did so could not be buried in church, and Titian was buried in the Friar.

These, and other small slips, are of no importance. More open to criticism are some of the author's generalizations. Even a confirmed generalizer may gasp when he reads, "After them [Charles V and Adrian VI] the Empire and Papacy dwindled together, the one to become a local Danubian monarchy, the other a sectarian Italian church." Whatever one's feelings about the Church of Rome, to describe it in the sixteenth century as "a sectarian Italian church" seems to be going a little far. In such statements holds the reader spellbound. Perhaps any book of which it can be said "one can't put it down" will contain a few sentences that a more judicious author would have crossed out, and the reader would have been so much the poorer.

The late Jamesing of early James

By Louis Auchincloss

HENRY JAMES: *The American*, revision of 1907. Introduction by Rodney G. Dennis. 478pp. The Scolar Press. £25.

Ever since the appearance of the Scribner edition of the fiction of Henry James in 1907, there has been a lively controversy as to whether or not he improved or damaged his work by the extensive revisions which he undertook for this publication. The controversy centres about the earlier novels as the later ones, presumably, were already couched in a stylistic, more satisfactory form. The first American edition, published thirty years before in 1877, is reputed to be the work which received the most extensive re-editing.

Now, thanks to the Scolar Press, we can study a facsimile reproduction of the galleys of *The American* (taken from the Macmillan edition of 1883) in which James inserted his changes. It is thus possible, although difficult, to follow his correcting process through the multitudinous autograph marginal additions and typewritten insertions. Unfortunately, James's deletions are usually linked in so heavily that it is still necessary to go back to a clear copy of the earlier text to follow his process with any thoroughness. It seems a pity that there should not have been some method of printing the deleted material in the Scolar Press edition, but let us be grateful for what we have.

The great delight of this publication is, of course, in comparing the old and new phrases. Here are some examples at random of what to me represent improvements of the revised: "young women in long aprons on high stools for young women in irrepressible toilets"; "a blue satin necktie of too light a shade" for "a cerulean cravat"; "a tale of the western world [which] showed to that bright alien air, very much as fine desecrated, articulated" specimens, bleached and monstrously, probably unique, show in the high light of museums of natural history" for "an intensely western story". I prefer the sentence: "The business of mere money getting showed only in its ugliness, vast and vague and dark, like a pirate ship with its lights turned inward" to its predecessor: "The business of money getting appeared tolerably dry and sterile".

And I see Madame de Bellegarde more clearly in the late definition: "She resembled her daughter as an insect might resemble a flower" than I do in the earlier: "She resembled her daughter, and yet she was utterly unlike her."

Finally, I cannot resist citing the happy transition of the clause: "to drag such a train over a polished floor" to the later one: "to carry about such a mass of ponderable pleasure would surely be one of the highest uses of freedom". But one could go on with this indefinitely.

On the debit side, I do not think that the revised edition of the novel has been improved. In the first version, we "smoked", or why "I never took

any lessons" should be stiffened to "I never required or received any instruction". When Newman says: "I'm a highly civilized man," I like him much more than when he orates: "I have the instincts—have them deeply—if I haven't the forms, of a high old civilization. And when 'wash tubs' became 'artistic household use' I feel that I have moved from *The American* to *The Ambassadors*.

At times the alterations are almost comical. The dying Valentin in 1877 asks Newman simply if he and Claire have quarrelled. In 1907 he asks: "Have you unimagingly quarrelled?" I find the murdered Urbain de Bellegarde changes his deathbed note from: "I'm dying, dying horribly" to "I'm horribly, helplessly, dying". But the real screamer is the revision of the simple statement that Newman was a character in the novel. He spoke, as to chin and cheek, of the joys of the maternal sleep.

A more significant change is in the dialogue between Newman and Valentin de Bellegarde about Mile Nioche, the girl of which is that Valentin promises to keep his hands off her. In the revised version, Valentin is a prostitute. In the 1877 version this bargain is put very bluntly and clearly. But in 1907 James had much more to say about Newman's title. He now became a kind of quiet liberalism, characteristic of fine old families, almost charming; he is learning not to cavil at European tolerances. Valentin, in turn, "takes hand" under circumstances which will not "shock" his friend. The Newman of the *belles époque*, however, claims that what shocks him is precisely the "diligence" of Valentin's proposition. This seems a long way from the prairies of the west and the battlefields of the Civil War.

But there is a significant improvement in the scene where Newman is presented to that grim old tyrant, Madame de Bellegarde. In the earlier version he simply shook hands with her. In the later he "came sufficiently near to the old lady by the fire to take in that she could offer him no handshake—so that he had the air of waiting, and a little like a customer in a shop, to see what she would offer." Here the very drama of the novel is successfully encapsulated.

The younger James never made much of physical embraces, but in his later years he tried to add heat to his love scenes. I have never thought much of the famous clinch between the Friar and Claire in *The Golden Bowl*. It embarrasses me faintly, as does the following embellishment of Newman's relations with Claire: "He almost groined for deep insistence, and he laid his two hands on her with a persuasive felicity which drew her close and bent his face to her, the fullest force of his imposition which she took from him with an silent surrender that he felt long enough to be complete."

On the other hand I think that the late Jamesian style, after all, was adopted for the late Jamesian characters. For Lambert Strether, who is to some extent Christopher Newman grown middle-aged, the language of *The Ambassadors* provides a comfortable and appropriate ambience. But it is occasionally baffling to have Christopher Newman, fresh from the American

grate at the ashes to which the fatal letter of Urbain de Bellegarde has been consumed. In the revised version we see Mrs Tristram, who has always had a *faible* for Newman, raising his hand gravely to her lips as she murmurs: "Poor Claire!" The late Jamesian does not only Mrs Tristram's feeling for the hero, but her sense of all that Claire has so tragically lost.

One can go on indefinitely giving examples, some very striking and some simply amusing, of the hundreds of revisions to which James subjected his tale, but the only effect these changes had upon the final product, *The American*, a better book for them? Is it even a different book?

I am afraid that it boils down to a case of *plutis ga change*. There is no essential difference in any of the characters or in any incident of the plot. It is the same story with essentially the same interpretations and the same emphases. Oddly enough, James did not even alter the form of the novel to incorporate his later theories of the limitation of the points of view. *The Golden Bowl* and *The Wings of the Dove* are divided into sections, each of which is centred in the consciousness of a single character. The whole of *The Ambassadors* is centred in the consciousness of Lambert Strether. But in *The American* the reader moves in and out of the minds of different characters in the same chapter. I suppose that even an author as industrious as James quailed before the task of changing this.

If, then, *The American* of 1907 is essentially the same book that it was in 1877, what is the effect of the revisions? Do they improve or damage the original version? Is this a matter of simply adding up the revisions which are improvements and comparing them with the total of those which may be considered damaging? It seems to me that a better way of judging is to divide the novel into two sections: dialogue and non-dialogue. I believe that in the non-dialogue, or descriptive passages the revisions are largely improvements, and that in the dialogue passages they are not.

The late Jamesian style is certainly richer and more vivid, and Paris of the Second Empire glitters before us more luminously in the 1907 prose, but the dialogue is not helped by having been made more stylized and artificial. The essence of the book lies in the character of Christopher Newman and in the contrast which his directness and simplicity offer to the "deviousness" and snobishness of an ancient French aristocratic family. I cannot but feel that any marked increase in the subtlety of his discriminations must make him a less forceful dramatic protagonist.

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These photographs appear in *Lady Ottoline's Album*—snapshots and portraits of her famous contemporaries (and of herself) photographed for the most part by Lady Ottoline Morrell—which is to be published on January 31 by Michael Joseph at £7.50, and will be reviewed in a forthcoming issue of the TLS.

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Ottoline and Frieda Lawrence
at Cover Street



W. B. Yeats, 1935



Robert Bridges and
Aldous Huxley, 1928



Thomas Hardy at home
at Max Gate, around 1922



Sir Maurice Bowra and Virginia Woolf



Walter de la Mare and Cyril Connolly at Garsington, 1928



Virginia Woolf at Garsington, 1928



Virginia Woolf at Garsington, 1928

Neither here nor there

By Edwin Morgan

SAMUEL BECKETT and others:
New Writing and Writers
234pp. Calder, £4.95.

This volume, as the title indicates, marks a change from the twelve collections of *New Writers* which Calder have brought out over the years as shop-windows for original and largely unrecognized talent: a useful series, inevitably uneven in quality, but presenting such names as Alan Burns, Alexander Trocchi, and David Mercer together with foreigners like Robert Pinget, Dino Buzzati, and Simon Vestdijk. In the revised conception of the series, a larger number of writers is included, and a much wider range in age and fame. The "new" of the title has to be interpreted fairly elastically, as a number of the items have appeared elsewhere. But the Calder hallmark of international juxtaposition is markedly present to set everything in a fresh light. No overall theme or unity is pretended to.

The best-known authors included are Samuel Beckett and Edward Bond. Beckett's short prose piece "For to End Yet Again" (available also in the volume of the same title recently published by Calder) is a remarkable prose-poem in his latest manner: phrases repeated in different contexts, ambiguities of apposition, images of desolation and apparent emptiness which on closer inspection show significant change and movement, things "ending yet again" which through their verbalization are observed beginning yet again. In the present piece, Beckett's quite extraordinary ability to make a simple scene or action memorable comes out in the precisely described manoeuvres of two white dwarfs carrying a white litter through a grey desert under a grey cloudless sky. The sense of a doomed activity of an endlessly uncompleted search, brings in longings for stasis. "And dream of a way in a space with neither here nor there where all the footsteps over fell can never fare nearer to anywhere nor from anywhere further away. No for in the end..." In the end the black optimism of the search will resume; the figures will again lift up their litters and trudge; and we shall be left with this whiteness to decipher," following their movements from above as if they were writing on the sand. This concentrated piece, three pages long, invites and rewards many readings.

Edward Bond contributes a sequence of poems which emerged as a by-product of the libretto he wrote for Hans Werner Henze's opera *We Come to the River*. They are thematic poems, interesting enough but too Brechtian for their own good, on music and art, friends and enemies, the past and the modern world. Mr Bond wants (it does not exist yet) "a music you can't hang men to", and an art that can "tell you who you are" but only in such a way that "you see what you must do." The poems are not so much committed to the idea of progressive art, but not always in forms that show art pro-

gressing. Possibly Mr Bond needs the greater space of the play in order not to be tempted to generalize too quickly.

Translated material includes extracts from novels by Tony Duvert and Gertrud Leutenegger, short stories by the Russian émigré Nikolai Dokov and the samizdat author known as "N. E. Nikto", and poems by Antonia Pozzi who committed suicide in 1938 while still in her twenties. Here, it is the two women writers who stand out. The chapter from Gertrud Leutenegger's novel *On the Eve*, though somewhat heavy and insistent in style, gives a powerful evocation of girl's attachment to her dead father. Antonia Pozzi's poems, published posthumously in 1939 with a preface by Eugenio Montale, are well worth resurrecting, and this present batch of translations (by Nora Wydenbruck) contains one of the most vivid, "Morie di una stagione".

There are some excellent poems by a young poet from Aberdeen, Roderick Watson, who develops blocks of spaced phrasing to build up faceted constructions of intellect and feeling in an individual way,

Rattling good yarn

By Ferdinand Mount

HARRY CREWS:
A Feast of Snakes
177pp. Secker and Warburg, £3.50.

Mystic, Georgia is a desolate place. This is Jimmy Carter's other country, Cold Comfort Farmville. Only the occasional gesture of pity relieves the continual struggle to survive and get ahead. Sex is competitive gymnastics. Love withers. Every meeting is a meeting between strangers, a wrestling match which may at any moment spill over into physical violence. Even dogs are kept in order only that they may fight in the bull-pit, and a dog which fails to stand its ground is liable to get kicked to death by its owner.

The Mystic rattlesnake round-up used to be a local thing. They would have a picnic, and then everybody would go out into the woods and see how many diamondbacks they could pull out of the ground. They would eat the snakes and drink a little corn whiskey and that would do for another year. But now people come from miles away and there are all sorts of prizes, plus a beauty contest for Miss Mystic Rattler. Competition has poisoned the backwoods. Even the diamondback graduates of the Dixie National Raton Twirling Academy, compete fiercely against one another.

Joe Lon Mackey is the greatest competitor in the county. Legendary cocksman and weightlifter, he is a former high-school All-American footballer. He is too dumb to go to college and so, like other former All-American footballers in fiction, he now has nothing in life to look

forward to. He is unhappily married, runs a liquor store and sees to the chemical closets in his caravan park for snakehunters. He is therefore slowly going bananas as former All-Americans will, and it is a not unmerciful release when he meets a dreadful end in the snakepit which, to put a less than fine point upon it, is not far off being a metaphor for his country. The unrelenting brutality of such an existence chews up people inside, even the all-American gods like Joe Lon, leaving them without joy or hope.

This may seem a heavy lesson to draw from what is in form and texture an expert piece of black southern gothic. *A Feast of Snakes* is all the things it was meant to be—fast, horrifying, funny. The snake round-up is rich, swamped. And the vim and style of the toiling are not much impaired by an uneasy shifting of narrative stance. Joe Lon's reflections on his life seem too portentously elegiac for a dumb football star. Rattlesnakes have supplied one or two characters: the one-legged sheriff, the crazy sister in the back room. Readers will also note that phantasmagoric condoms and choppy-choppings are "rather fashionable this year" (*Kinfolk* and your local film festival). Nevertheless, Mr Crews can more than hold his own in the blacker-than-thou arts.

What pulls the book down is the weight of its morality. The wickedness of the competitive ethic is made evident by the material, but the material is never allowed to escape from it. The author's desire to demonstrate how America sets man against man and turns neighbours into strangers is so overpowering that it squeezes the life out of the characters. This is not so much control as repression. Even in the blackest satire, people need to breathe a little.

Mad dogs and Englishmen

By Eric Korn

DAVID ANNE:
Rabbit
249pp. W. H. Allen, £3.95.

It may not be *The Magic Mountain* or *The Masque of the Red Death*, but David Anne's novel—his first, and possibly the first with rabbits as its theme—is sure of a place on any hypochondriac's bookshelf, and when the humans leave centre stage and the virus takes over, it's as gripping as a canine's canines. Here, a Man's Best Friend is always ready to put the bite on him, and the victim of a particularly atrocious death; and the people aren't much to write home about either. Man is a wolf to man, whether singly or in pack, and that goes for the women too.

John Jennings, highlylytic but low-powered cigarette salesman (there's irony for you), is well-meaning, complaisant, hopelessly indulgent to his wife Paula, who'd win Best Bitch in Show with one paw behind her back. Paula needs a new child-surrogate, as John is sterile and she cannot let her previous rough quaff paragon while she (Paula, that is) was being lined by debauched yachting bouncer Peter Halliwell. This engaging trio smuggle a dubious cat across the Channel and then try to ignore the evidence as a tide of bloody foam and mangled corals threatens to engulf Mamm-shire.

When Paula suggests that mad dogs only bite the deserving lower classes ("Unions striking to way past the point of suicide. Governments taxing us... they're nearly driven Daddy to the grave with worry"), even John thinks she has gone a little far, but she brings him round with a well-timed announcement that she is about to whelp, and he keeps his worries inconspicuously depicted, rat-chew

cadaver—to himself until the whole countryside is barking and slavering. The scenario of disaster is convincing, even if the characters are not, and fast moving; Mr Anne has shortened the incubation period to speed up the action though there is still too much time for opinionated asides about the TUC, Rhodesia, and even the NUS. A final twist turns the book from documentary to speculative fiction.

Suit tables is no joke, and its horror is capricious, be suggested, nor their description by gratuitous, however it may be dwelt on. I do not know whether the author writes out of a genuine passion for public health, or whether, with it, a slight delusion, as in his not have written about the menace of babies or rabbits, but it is safe to say that anyone who has read this book will show a certain reluctance about driving through the green chaos of Folkestone, with its unquarantined chitlinhuh in his glove compartment.

GOLLANGZ

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Final realities

By Henry Gifford

JANOS PILINSKY:
Selected Poems
Translated by Ted Hughes and János Csókits
67pp. Manchester: Carcanet. £2.25.

Ted Hughes explains in his introduction that he has known the work of this remarkable Hungarian poet for many years. That should give the degree of intimacy with the original which makes translation a real poetic experience; and he has the further advantage of word by word guidance from another Hungarian poet, János Csókits. The problem was to render a style that is "a marvel of luminosity, unerring balance, sinuous music and intensity". The first of these qualities is made less elusive for the translator by its manifestation through images ("... hope/like a tin-cup toppled into the straw ...") or in the four-line poem "Cold Wind":

unpeopled rock, my spine lying
without memories, without me
in the extinct ashes of millions of
years.

Cold wind still blowing.
Those who, like myself, lack Hun-
garian, can place against that ver-
sion another in French by Guillevic,
whose 1967 collection *Mes poèmes*

haindrais (Budapest: Corvina) indi-
cates the wealth of modern Hun-
garian lyric poetry:
Pierre inhabité, mon dos repose
Sans souvenirs, sans moi,
Dans la cendre morte des temps.
Un vent froid souffle par moments.

It is the same poem, or nearly so.
Yet there seems to be a difference
between "la cendre morte des
temps" and "the extinct ashes of
millions of years", between a wind
that blows "par moments" and a
wind that is still blowing. Have
Hughes and Csókits added a slight
measure of intensity?

Guillevic has also rendered "Pas-
sion of Ravensbrück" and this
poem is conveniently short for a
comparison of its twelve lines in
the English and French versions:
He steps out from the others.
He stands in the square silence.
The prison garb, the convict's skull
blink like a projection.
He is horribly alone.
His pores are visible.
Everything about him is so gigantic,
everything is so tiny.
And this is all.

the rest was simply

that he forgot to cry out
before he collapsed.
Il sort du rang.
Dans un carré de silence il
s'arrête.
Comme une image projetée vacillant
Une casaque, une tête de forçat.
Il est effroyablement seul,
On voit les pores de sa peau:
De ce qui est lui tout est immense,
De ce qui est lui tout est minuscule.
Et c'est tout, pour le reste.
Ce fut tout simplement ceci:
Il oublia de crier.
Avant de tomber à terre.

Neither perhaps achieves that
"sinuous music" of which Hughes
speaks, but the English version has
the more interesting movement.
Again there are questions that can-
not be resolved without knowledge
of the original. Which is correct—
"tête" or "skull"? "The square
silence"—does the French language
prohibit that shock effect, falling
back on the more regulated "carré
de silence"? "Blink like a pro-
jection" is a little harder to grasp
than "Comme une image projetée
vacillant" where the French as it
were sets up the screen and the
ray of light before the image
begins to dance. Is "gigantic" a
little more weighted emphasis than
"immense" blinding rather at the
inadequacy of measurement,
which at the other extreme can still
register the "minuscule"?

And finally, is there significance
that for Guillevic the convict should
fall to earth? As the preceding
poem in the collection by Hughes
and Csókits "On the Wall of a
KZ-Lager", expresses it:
Where you have fallen, you stay.
In the whole universe, this is your
place.

Just this single spot. . . .
Both poems date from 1958, and
Pilinsky is a writer whose preoccupa-
tions make many bonds between
individual lyrics.

A translation, however, cannot be
interrogated. In "Fable" a wolf
looks through the window that
"stopped him" at the people sit-
ting inside.

Apart from God nobody ever
found them so beautiful
as this child-like beast.
The meaning is clear enough. Yet
had this been a poem originally writ-
ten in English the reader might well
have invoked the opening lines of
"Apocrypha", a poem of central
importance written seven years
earlier:

Everything will be forsaken then
The silence of the heavens will be
set apart

and forever apart
the broken-down fields of the
finished world,

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Ambulant prophet

By David Daiches

ANTHONY BURGESS:
Moses. A Narrative
189pp. Denzney and Squires. £4.50.

Anthony Burgess, a gifted man with words,
Witty and bawdy and Joycean as we know he can be
—Composer too, and, as he tells us, a heavy smoker,
Also writes film scripts, film scripts. (He likes repetitions like this.)
He was commissioned some years ago, with Vittorio Bonicelli
And Gianfranco de Bosio, to provide a script
For a television series on Moses. The birth, life and death of Moses.
The prophet Moses (he calls him in his Foreword,
A controversial title). Well, he couldn't collaborate
With these resonant Italians and decided to go it alone.
And he wrote "a sort of epic poem" (his own description)
As a necessary preliminary (for himself anyway)
To a shooting script. It swings along rather well,
General, black verse that is easy to read,
The rhythms loose and ambulatory,
The line lengths uneven,
The language now formal, now colloquial,
Echoes of the Bible mingling with knowing modern diagnosis,
Hesitant about miracles, but coming down on their side in the end,
Perfunctory in scholarship, but showing signs of reasonable background

Narrating, explaining, interpreting, sympathizing, even one might say
Empathizing with his hero, whom he admires, admires,
And more than admires—likes. For he's on Moses' side all right
And keeps him human while demonstrating his greatness.
Did God speak to Moses? Or was it himself he heard,
Or someone else perhaps? Burgess won't come quite clean on this.
Here is an example. "He heard"

His own voice, or the voice of the Lord, or of Israel"
—And then we get a quotation from the Bible,
Of God speaking in the Bible. To Moses. Always to Moses,
Moses the reluctant leader, but the man with vision
And shrewdness, and sadly won knowledge of human nature.
Whether this ambulatory verse, chatty (almost) pre-film-script narrative
Tells more of the story, or tells it better

That the Authorized Version of the Bible
Is not perhaps a tactful question to raise.
For Burgess is sorting out his picture of Moses
For himself, a modern self, not minking a holy record
For a people, a chosen people, a people made one by his very Moses.
It's not a search for the historical Moses
But a rendering from selected biblical clues
Of those aspects of the biblical story he thinks he can handle.
The rest he omits, or skips over, or compresses.
Because he and his verse must move on, move on,
Seeking always "What next?"

The great hymn of triumph after the crossing of the sea
He does not give or render, but puts in odd bits of hymns
At times, to give the proper early religious flavour.
Many readers I think will see something engaging
In this loose and lucid verse-history of Moses.
And if I say that for myself, myself, I prefer the Bible,
The account in the Bible from the first Egyptian enslavement
To the death of Moses on Mount Pisgah
(And for that matter the Bible in its original language,
I do not have my linguistic obsessions)
—If I say that, Burgess cannot be offended.
Not offended, because after all he knows the splendours
Of that language as well as any of us
And leaves his own story with it at critical moments.
Interesting, then; commendable, even: a bit of a sport
In the garden of modern poetry. But none the worse for that.
I do not expect to see the TV series.
But mine eyes have seen Burgess's preliminary verse canter
As Moses saw the Promised Land from afar.
I am content.

and apart
the silence of dog-kennels.
Could "apart from God" carry some
echo of this separation? Or again,
in the short poem "As I Was":
As I was at the start
so, all along, I have remained.
The way I began, so I will go on to
the end.
Like the convict, who, returning
to his village, goes on being silent.
Speechless he sits in front of his
glass of wine.

The English version leaves us with
the contrast between the motion of
going on and the apparent inertia
of sitting, behind which the motion
still goes on. That third line recalls
Samuel Johnson on the ride to his
wedding: "I resolved to begin as
I meant to end." But does the Hun-
garian use the exact equivalent of
"way" and "go on" which irresis-
sibly connote travel?

These are not the niggling com-
ments that they may seem to be.
János Pilinsky undoubtedly has
reason for gratitude to his transla-
tors. The poems in their English
form do indeed attest that "spiritual
distinction" claimed for them by
Hughes. But strong though our
beginning to dance. Is "gigantic" a
little more weighted emphasis than
"immense" blinding rather at the
inadequacy of measurement,
which at the other extreme can still
register the "minuscule"?

Pilinsky like other poets of simi-
lar experience—one might describe
this as on the far side of Man-
dela's Voronezh poems—will not
allow himself to gesticulate.
Hughes quotes him as saying, "I
would like to write as if I had
remained silent". And that saving
of speech for the privileged
moment, results in a perfect
balance. Hughes speaks of him as
exaggerating in these poems "his hard
grasp of a revealed truth of our
final condition". But this surely is
to confuse the "final condition" of
the Nazis with the "final condi-
tion" of men in all ages, not only
in our own barbarous time. For
Hughes, "final reality" has been
"located and embraced" as an end-
less crucifixion, "when the iron
nails remain fixed in the wounds".

Yet in one poem, as early as 1958,
"your five open wounds, your five
senses/feel their healing and are
eased". And another of 1971,
"Straight Labyrinth", does not
seem to exclude hope, "a fuller and
fuller, freer and freer the fact that
we are flying".

Fortunately, the Ted Hughes who
wrote the introduction, rolling
about in phrases like "a fever of
negated love, a vast inner ex-
posure", would appear in the transla-
tions to have stepped aside for
the careful and intent poet, who
let himself be guided by his col-
laborator.

Pensive interiors

By Roger Garfitt

GEORGE BUCHANAN:
Inside Traffic
90pp. Manchester: Carcanet. £2.50.

Inside Traffic, George Buchanan's
latest collection of poems, continues
on the course he first set for him-
self in 1932 with the first of his
books to attract critical attention,
the *Journal Passages through the
Present*. What was unusual in *Pass-
ages through the Present* and re-
mains unusual in *Inside Traffic*, is
Mr Buchanan's concern with the
unofficial, inner history of his own
time as it is actually happening,
to catch

Not the abrupt event but what
endures
for a time: not 'today an outburst'
but in slow-changing phases.

Inner history, in Mr Buchanan's
sense, is the history, not of the self,
but of the society of selves that con-
stitute humanity in the given
moment. He has no doubt that what
he records is really here:

Once transcendence was a mystery
how the next world, the world next
to us,
is actual, photographed, quarrel-
some.

None the less, he retains a
sense, as in this glimpse of a
"Dinner Party", of how curious
how dreamlike the experience of
being here is:

By candle-light the women partly
bare
their breasts like messages from a
world of sleep.

Mr Buchanan himself gives us
the best description of his own
method, in the final stanza of
"Spectator Sport":

In slow motion they repeat a finish
for I too have my linguistic obsessions)
—If I say that, Burgess cannot be offended.
Not offended, because after all he knows the splendours
Of that language as well as any of us
And leaves his own story with it at critical moments.
Interesting, then; commendable, even: a bit of a sport
In the garden of modern poetry. But none the worse for that.
I do not expect to see the TV series.
But mine eyes have seen Burgess's preliminary verse canter
As Moses saw the Promised Land from afar.
I am content.

The pole-jumper hangs in the air.
This is what happens also in a poem
when the imagination shows a
strange
or passionate act as if it guided
through a deep undersea of thought.

The currents that move in this
"undersea of thought" themes
upon which Mr Buchanan has re-
flected throughout his writing life.
It is instructive to see that in sev-
eral instances society's thinking has
now caught up with his. For ex-
ample, in his first collection of
poetry, *Bodily Responses* (1958), Mr
Buchanan explored the potential of
erotic experience for effecting a
quiet revolution, a transforming of
our awareness of each other in
society. In 1968 that vision must
have seemed wishful, or outrag-
eously to many contemporary readers
it will, I suspect, seem quite natural.
Today's feminists may not square
with Mr Buchanan's emphasis on

the erotic: but the suggestion, in
place in his poetry and fiction since
the early 1930s, that the dominant
masculine model of society must
undergo a sea-change in respect
to the suppressed, feminine world
is one that they will surely wish
to endorse. Similarly, *Inside
Traffic*'s theme of the loss of com-
munity consequent upon the
destruction of the inner city now
seems up-to-the-minute: but it goes
beyond a lifelong concern, and
always so widely shared, that urban
development should create space
for human contact.

The quiet innovation of Mr
Buchanan's thought is reflected in
his poetic practice. *Inside Traffic*
includes one section of poems writ-
ten in the 1920s and 1930s. The
first of these, "Lumley Road", is
dated 1927, in its incorporation of
colloquial rhythms into a formally
satisfying cadence, and in its skilful
use of half-rhyme and internal
rhyme, it could have been written
yesterday.

The new poems are closer in
manner to late Auden. Not, of
course, that they rival Auden's
logodædaly; but they do share his
persistent accuracy of modulation,
the cross-hatching, as it were, of
different tones of language and
rhythmic shadings. The poems in
Inside Traffic are not immediately
striking, nor are they intended to
be: rather they provide "pensive
interiors", to which one returns
with increasing respect, which one
comes gratefully to inhabit.

Collins Publishers

A selection of new books from the first six months of 1977

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History with holes in

By Glyn Daniel

P. E. CLEATOR:
Archaeology in the Making
238pp. Robert Hale. £4.20.

No one has as yet written an authoritative and definitive history of archaeology: such a work is long overdue. Michael's *A Century of Archaeological Discoveries* in 1908 was a beginning. Ceram's *Gods, Graves and Scholars* (1952) and his *A Picture History of Archaeology* (1958) took the story to the popular reader, and Geoffrey Bibby's *The Testimony of the Spade* (1957) repaired the omissions in Ceram's work. The long introductory essay to Jacques Hawkes's *The World of the Past* (1963) is a very good summary of the history of archaeology, and so is Georges Daux's *Les Etapes de l'Archéologie* (1964) in the *Que-sais-je?* series. The present reviewer's *A Hundred Years of Archaeology* (1950) and his *A Hundred and Fifty Years of Archaeology* (1975)—to the surprise of many only twenty-five years later—were attempts at chronicle and interpretation. There have been specialist books on the archaeology of special areas such as Seton Lloyd's *Foundations in the Dust* (1947) which dealt admirably with the history of Mesopotamian archaeology, and Klint-Jensen's *History of Scandinavian Archaeology* (1975) and Willey and Sabloff's *History of American Archaeology* (1974).

PATRICK MORRAH
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'The new standard work on Rupert... The character comes through clearly and the narrative, though rich in detail, is never clogged.' Dame Veronica Wedgwood, *TLS*.
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The parks that once...

By Sheila Wingfield

EDWARD MALINS and the KNIGHT OF LIN:
Lost Demesnes
Ideal Landscape Gardening 1660-1845
208pp. Barrie and Jenkins. £15.

Lost Demesnes is a devoted, scholarly and deeply researched book on ideal landscape gardening. In spite of its lavish illustrations it is, in fact, intended for the study shelf rather than the coffee-table. The meticulous inquiries of Edward Malins and the Knight of Lin lead us into a world of unfamiliar paintings, drawings, prints, early maps, roundels, grotesques, pyramids, obelisks, belvederes and Gothic temples; we find contemporary letters, innumerable sources of reference and—what is just as important but seldom mentioned—the aesthetic philosophy behind such planning.

Garden architecture is naturally a protean thing, liable to change under the next generation or other owners. Taste or lack of it, means or lack of them, make great modifications. Income tax has caused well-known groves of old oaks to be prevented from growing up again; the design to be too few to prevent overgrowth, gates of magnificent design to be too few to prevent overgrowth. The garden is reflected in the book's compilation of grand designs and their fate. Extensive as the author's researches were, there obviously could not be included the final feelings of some persons whose demesnes are mentioned. One cannot say in a letter what can only be heard by the immediate family, whose demesnes...

archaeology in Egypt, Mesopotamia, the Near East in general, Greece and Rome—and even in classical Italy the Etruscans are forgotten. The Indian civilization is briefly treated but the rest of Asia, including all China, goes unmentioned. This is the main fault of this book: it is only the history of a part of archaeology. Apart from China—a most glaring omission—there is nothing about American archaeology, and nothing about the archaeology of Russia, Africa, and Australasia.

Apart from a brief reference to Boucher de Perthes, the Palaeolithic is not dealt with at all. Post-Palaeolithic archaeology in Europe is hardly referred to, and the existence of medieval, post-medieval, historic and industrial archaeology is virtually neglected. It comes as a surprise that an author so well acquainted with matters archaeological as Mr Cleator could write a book in which the sites of Altamira, Lascaux, Sutton Hoo, Vix, and Passyric, for example, and great archaeological sites like Montelius, Breuil, Gabriel de Mortillet, and Gordon Childe are not mentioned. And there is no proper treatment of the fakes and frauds that beset archaeology, or of the danger to serious archaeology which we all face at the moment from its over-popularization and the multiplication of pseudo-archaeological books. dealing with the dangerous fantasies of the lunatic fringe of unreasonable archaeology, like the people who believe in sunken continents, lost tribes, straight trucks, pyramidology and men from outer space to explain our megaliths and early civilizations.

Mr Cleator's book is chronicle, a chronicle of part of the history of archaeology. Its second failure is that it never pauses to ask how discovery and excavation affected and changed ideas about the development of early man. The facts of excavation and discovery must be transmitted into history if the archaeologist is not to remain merely a skilled technician and craftsman. Mr Cleator does not tell us what all his carefully collected discoveries mean, nor what, by today's standards, about the origins of culture and the nature of its change from Palaeolithic savagery to the high cultures of civilizations of Egypt, Sumeria, India, China, Peru and Mexico. Surely some of the most exciting

adventures in the recent making of archaeology are those of Mesopotamia and the origins of agriculture. The independent origin of agriculture in China, the greatest adventure in making archaeology in the past twenty years has been the resolution of our disputes between the independent invention and diffusion of the appreciation of parallel developments in many parts of the world leading to separate complex societies and civilizations. None of this appears anywhere in the pages of a calendar is only the framework of a year; chronicle is only the bones of history. A chronicle—this book, admittedly only covering a part of the whole story, is no substitute for the history of man, awareness of how the study of the material remains of his past have revolutionized what earlier generations thought was his history, relying only on written sources.

And Mr Cleator, like anyone doing on such a wide scale of history, is too often, inaccurate. 'Wor Barrow' is not a Roman village, prehistory was a word coined by Daniel Wilson; it had been used in France for a century before, John Frere's *Antiquaries* about the House of Antiquaries, Buckland did not hold appointments in Oxford and his office of Dean of Westminster is plural, and 'Thomson did not invent the idea of the three ages of the Stone, Bronze and Iron as a basis for museum classification in 1838; that was the date of the publication of the *Leiderdahl til Nordisk Oldknyndighed*—the Danish National Museum was opened to the public in 1815 organized by Thomsen in the three-age system. But we must not list as a writer Mr Cleator's references to 'the infamous Charles Darwin', and 'subjective archaeological methods' which must be unhappy errors compounded by himself and his editorial proof-readers.

Chatto & Windus

ANNE SEXTON
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Anne Sexton's last collection tackles the universal theme of the agonising search for God. In these poems, which derive from intense personal experience, Anne Sexton evokes the silences and triumphs of her highly unorthodox faith. Anne Sexton was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry in 1967. 64pp £2.50 Paperback Publication date 3 February

EUGEN WEBER
PEASANTS INTO FRENCHMEN

Eugen Weber's provocative study shows how, in the early years of the Third Republic, the old world of the peasants changed as traditional attitudes crumbled under the forces of modernization. 64pp £12.00 Publication date 17 February

Excavation in the public eye

By Stuart Piggott

EDWARD BACON (Editor):
The Great Archaeologists
And their discoveries as originally reported in the pages of *The Illustrated London News*
428pp. Secker and Warburg. £9.75 until January 31, £12.50 thereafter.

In August 1897, the members of the Royal Archaeological Institute, meeting at Dorchester, listened to an address by the local president, General Pitt-Rivers, on his excavations in Cranborne Chase. Probably no one present realized that they were hearing a classic statement of the methods and aims by the man who, single-handed, had revolutionized the concept and technique of archaeological excavation, and laid once and for all the foundations of a modern discipline. But all would have been surprised when the eccentric Dorset landowner suddenly launched into an attack on illustrated journalism.

'If ever a time should come', thundered the General, 'when our illustrated newspapers take to recording interesting and sensible things, a new era will have arrived in the usefulness of these journals. The supply, of course, must equal the demand, but the demand shows what intensely stupid people we are. People boring to one another about the details of these productions, as if it were not bad enough for those who are compelled actually to take part in such functions. Field sports are no doubt things to be encouraged, but can it be necessary to have a picture of a man running after a ball upon every page of every illustrated journal in this country. Let us hope for evolution in this as in all other things.'

But did Pitt-Rivers read *The Illustrated London News*? And if he did, what did he think of the issue of the previous year, March

7, 1896, describing the French excavations at Delphes in Egypt? In Edward Bacon's book we can turn to a splendid full-page wood engraving of Jacques de Morgan, looking like a Victorian conjurer, a Professor of Prestidigitation on a fair-ground, waxed moustaches and all, triumphantly displaying a gold diadem to an astonished crowd of fellahs and two superior young ladies in leg-of-mutton sleeves, collars and ties, and straw boaters. Nobody is bowing, there are no field sports, but it would hardly have been the choice of an archaeological Generation: his only reference to Egypt in his speech was to stress the importance of the Middle Palaeolithic flint industry of the Nile terraces.

The Illustrated London News illustrated archaeology, in one way or another, practically from its beginning in 1842, and Mr Bacon, its Archaeology Editor for the past thirty years, has produced an anthology of texts and pictures from its pages up to 1970. In its introduction he draws attention to the deliberate policy of archaeological reporting introduced by Bruce Ingram when he became editor in 1900, and Glyn Daniel has published a letter to him from Ingram in 1949 describing how boyhood visits to Egypt first fired his enthusiasm.

I made up my mind that there were a great many people who would have been equally interested if they were to be given an opportunity of seeing what was being done all over the world to throw light on the civilization of the past. The difficulty was to combine technical accuracy with the comprehension of the layman, and by that means to stimulate his desire for further publication of a similar character.

This was admirable and enlightening policy, and it was adhered to. The *ILN* became required reading for archaeologists as well as the pleasure to the public, with its

prompt publication of what were often authoritative interim reports of excavations on which final statements might be long delayed or non-existent. The articles by Papadimitriou on the second grave-circle at Mycenae of 1952 and 1954, of which shortened texts without illustrations are given by Mr Bacon, were for long, with the short treatment by Mylonas in 1957, the best accounts until the full publication (in Greek) in 1972; in 1953 the fifth century BC carpal and felt Gravies were published in colour from the Russian report of that year, not available in English until 1970. The Lascaux Upper Palaeolithic cave paintings were published in 1942, directly on its findings, and this remains its only substantial appearance in the literature. And when one comes to the really spectacular finds, the 'Royal Tombs' of Ur were appearing in the *ILN* from 1927 to 1929 in advance of Woolley's publication of 1934, and as for Tutankhamun, who occupied its pages for nearly a decade from 1923, it is salutary to remember that despite Howard Carter's three volumes of 1923-33 and some subsequent monographs, the contents of the tomb have never been published in their entirety.

It is of course the great spectacle of excavation that excites the general reader, and we are back once again with de Morgan and the archaeologist of fiction and popular myth, the lone hunter for fabled gold. That great if unspectacular archaeologist G. S. Crawford wrote when in his thirties a notable book, *Man and his Past*, in which he tried to explain to the general public what he thought the subject was really about, and valiantly attempted to correct

the popular idea of an archaeologist's work, that he is engaged in a perpetual and usually fruitless search for some kind of buried treasure. To such a one the crowning moment in the career of an excavator would be the discovery of a large chest crowded with ugly but expensive jewellery, about a million years old. Mention to him Egypt—that poor run-down country of shoddy brickwork, and his face brightens at once.

Poor Crawford! How could he have foreseen that only a year later 'King Tut' should have been found, there in Egypt, and many faces were brightening as they saw in the *ILN* not only the treasures, but the Earl of Carnarvon photographed at his desk in his study in Burghclere Castle, wearing a dashing cowboy hat and bow tie and looking every inch the hero of a rattling good yarn in the *Boy's Own Paper*. It was no good pointing to the lessons to be learnt from Pitt-Rivers, nothing in the hands of so meticulous surveys of Bronze Age sites in Dorset in response to T. H. Huxley's dictum that 'that which is important is that which is persistent'. The public had always known it was right, and here to add to Heinrich Schliemann were Lord Carnarvon and Howard Carter in Luxor, and Leonard Woolley at Ur of the Chaldees.

The stereotype was long with us. Robert Braidwood the American archaeologist, was as despairing in 1960 as Crawford in 1921. 'If you write, once again addressing the general public on the nature of his discipline, "what probably comes to your mind is an image of a bearded professor who goes to Egypt to dig up a treasure-filled tomb of a long dead Pharaoh. In the early days of archaeology... such archaeologists were fashionable'. And of course the myth was reinforced by reality in the form of the patriarchal bearded

figure of Flinders Petrie, seemingly immortal and conducting his starkly austere 'Near Eastern' campaigns with the unrelenting authority of an Old Testament prophet.

Alternative archaeologists were sometimes favoured in the 1920s, and those of us who then followed with delight the cosy advertisements for 'Shaves' may remember the drawing of the two fashionable ladies at a reception asking one another 'Who is that handsome young man?' and finding he was none other than Jack Mordaunt The Famous Archaeologist, who on his wild adventures always shaved with... Jack incidentally is now back with us, though with a beard this time, heroic in jeans and anorak, defying the bulldozers on a rescue excavation as one of the new stereotypes of archaeology needed by the public of the 1970s.

All this brings us to a crucial question posed by this fascinating conspectus of popular archaeology presented with authority and competence, and informed by a high degree of academic integrity and responsibility by an illustrated paper over a century and a half: how far can it be taken to represent the real achievement of archaeologists in the prehistoric or historic field from 1842 to 1970? The question is not an easy one, and immediately prompts a second—how could it? The requirements of a popular illustrated paper covering every topic likely to interest the reader at the time, however conscientiously devoted to archaeology, are not those of a specialized learned journal. It must necessarily look for pictorial qualities of public appeal, and even if these are supported not by uninformed journalism but by authoritative articles and captions, the pictures sugar the pill and sell the number.

What is surprising is not what was left out, but the enormous amount that was included. The major achievements of archaeology over the past century or so have not always lent themselves to visual portrayal: the most accomplished artists and wood-engravers of the 1860s would have been hard put to it to make a dramatic impact on the public with the gravel-pits of Abbeville in 1859, when Evans and

Spring Publishing Calendar 1977

31 January
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Barry Campbell
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The English Squire and his sport
Roger Longrigg
£7.50 Illustrated Non-fiction
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Jesse Hickford
£3.00 Biography
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Denis Judd
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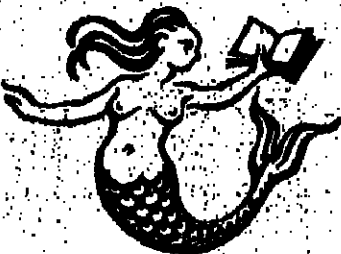
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Michael Joseph

News from Tartary

By Pat Rogers

PETER EARLE:
The World of Defoe
353pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson.
£6.95.

Wary students of Defoe sometimes get the feeling that when you have read two hundred of his books, you have read them all. But it isn't so: that is not even halfway through the canon. In fact Defoe's work survives as a dark continent, cut off from the Augustan landscape, and little known by the general reading public. There are settlements on the outer fringe of Crusoe's colony and fields full of Flanders folk; but the interior is largely unexplored despite some bold Victorian missions. It is Peter Earle's business in this enjoyable book *The World of Defoe*, to lead us news from Tartary (like Robinson Crusoe, at the end of his *Farther Adventures*), and a good job he has made of it.

The literary genetics are a little odd. Dr Earle had it in mind "to have a study of English society in the early eighteenth century almost entirely on the writings of this one extraordinary man." According to his account, he received a commission without yet realizing the scale or range of Defoe's output. An economic historian, he has investigated both the inner and the outer world of Defoe. There are sections on topics such as education, marriage and the condition of women, relations with France and the prospect of death. The longest and most impressive chapter, understandably, concerns Defoe's economic ideas. Dr Earle has written before on corsairs, and his treatment of the wider world—travel, exploration, piracy—is particularly lively. But there is also a good deal about Christianity and family life: if the title does not suggest glossy coverage of external pageantry (than politics), then that is a fault of contemporary publishing rather than the author.

The books on which Dr Earle chiefly relies are not in a strict sense obscure: but they win their references on scattered occasions, among footnotes and further reading. At the heart of his analysis are several important non-fictional works, for the most part didactic in mode. These include the *Essay on Projects*, the periodical paper called *The Review*, conduct-books such as *The Family Instructor*,

manuals of self-advancement such as *The Complete English Tradesman*, compilations such as *Atlas Maritimus et Commercialis*, and social criticism such as *The Great Law of Subordination Considered*. Most date from Defoe's last years; none has ever been properly edited. They include all the most popular Defoe items in the eighteenth century, *Crusoe* apart; and the author does well to single out the *Tradesman* as "the most interesting of all Defoe's didactic works"—it is a key book, splendidly maligning by Charles Lamb, and far too little known. For that matter I share Dr Earle's enthusiasm for *A New Voyage Round the World*, although there the fictive impetus does not quite match the ideological energy.

Inevitably there are omissions: to mention only those subjects which could have been comfortably brought into the argument, one than Wild rather than Captain Kidd), the occult (very sumptuously treated) and the press. More serious is the virtual neglect of day-to-day party politics. Dr Earle has deliberately avoided discussion of particular historical events and particular people: this enables him to endow Defoe with a consistency and intellectual resolution which elude most commentators. By limiting himself fairly narrowly to the big works, Dr Earle leaves out of account the host of polemical pamphlets on topical issues. One result is that matters which Defoe canvassed most frequently in short tracts (insolvency, Bangorian theology, the threat of imported catkins, Sacheverelle's doctrine) emerge less clearly. We are not given the Victorian *My White Defoe*, but the author does impute a good heart and a confused mind to his subject. My own view is that Defoe saw more sharply and thought more devoutly than Dr Earle would have it. On the other hand, it is hard to quarrel with his picture of Defoe as the quintessential shopkeeper, obsessed with consumption as an economic yardstick, old-fashioned in his understanding of emergent industrialism, and conservative in much of his social outlook. A useful section describes Defoe's attitude to history, important for his *Tour* among other works. Dr Earle most often cites seventeenth-century sources as a control to gauge Defoe's originality; this partly reflects his own research interests, but it also testifies to the antiquity of Defoe's mental furniture.

Dr Earle's own sources are mostly familiar: Pierre Goubert, Keith Thomas, J. H. Parry, C. R. Boxer;

they are of course very good authorities, and are here tactfully employed, and supported by a wealth of quotation from Defoe's own writing. New writing, and then the sixty pages of notes venture into a denser scholarly jungle, as with a debate in *Annals* on sexual frustration among the burghers of Nantes. I would surmise that Dr Earle is a pupil of F. J. Fisher; though he writes more breezily, there is the same eye for a telling detail and the same patient accumulation of relevant evidence. There is a rough-hewn quality at times: Dr Earle speaks of "the salvation game", "the repentance gambit", and employs one or two cheap good moves. The success of a might well be a bad one on the movement for reformation of manners, a "strange" phenomenon, on account either of its methods or of its aims. And, disturbed that Defoe "seemed to object to anyone getting pleasure from sex," he redresses the balance in favour of good dirty fun: "The English poor seem to have made more enjoyable use of their short lives than their French counterparts, who had an equally high age at marriage and very low levels of both bridal pregnancy and illegitimacy."

The brief introductory section of biography calls for some comment. Though sensibly written, and engagingly speculative towards the confidants of Defoe's earlier writers, this goes astray through exaggerating our very real ignorance. Dr Earle chides one biographer for

asserting that Defoe "rode with the rebels" at Sedgemoor and says that he was "not so foolish as to be captured and subjected to the fury of Judge Jeffreys' Bloody Assizes". In support he appeals to Defoe's *Appeal to Honour and Justice*, a less than objective testimony. Unfortunately it happens that Sunderland's warrant-book for 1686/87 clearly lists "Daniel Foe" among those granted royal grace and mercy though "engaged in the late rebellion". The warrant was directed to the assize judges of the western circuit. This document was printed in the *Calendar of State Papers* in 1964. Again, Dr Earle has missed the discovery that Defoe was actually in the Fleet goal in 1692 and 1702, which casts doubt on the conventional version of the early financial troubles, as related by Defoe and Dr Earle. It should be added that good use is made of papers from *Mist's* and *Applebee's Journals*; but the attributions are those of William Earle, made in the 1860s, and Dr Earle does not evaluate these, or use the mass of other periodical articles which Lee claimed but left unprinted.

These are small blots, and to be candid Dr Earle's undertaking does not absolutely require strict attention to biographic detail. What he has done is to disinter a large amount of important material, and to locate Defoe's ideas within the context of late seventeenth-century social and economic thought. He relates these non-fictional texts to the better-known novels, and while he treats the latter as moral rather than imaginative documents he generally has something apposite to

say. Few literary critics would assert so positively that repentance is unconvincing; but Dr Earle must have expected the stitch or two, and so they will. The main fabric of his book remains intact, and as well as being serviceable it possesses some attractive qualities which make it accessible to the non-specialist—clarity of design, brightness of texture, amplitude of conception.

A remarkable man Defoe undoubtedly was. Before he took to writing seriously, he had been in marine insurance, the hosiery trade, the export-import business (wine and tobacco), brick manufacture and mercery. He was captured by Algerian pirates off Harwich and was taught in France with a smuggled cargo. He served as company secretary to a firm set up to exploit a dying machine he tried to breed clever cats in Stoke Newington and fraudulently sold the business to his mother-in-law. He was repeatedly in Chancery, usually as defendant; at the end of his life he was still on the run from creditors. His official roles included accountant to the window-tax commissioners and manager of the royal lottery; more durably he was a spy, a political agent and a sleeper planted in the opposition press corps. A puritan in the pillory, a cit turned gentleman and a member of the Butcher Company, Defoe wrote manuals on how to succeed in business after enduring bankruptcy and the debtors' jail. He died of what was called a lethargy. Few writers have sunk so many tentacles into the life around them; a deep engagement with the world which quivers through all his books.

gestures, the costumes, how a fairly should look, and (more important) how whites should look, how Bangue's Ghost should look. But even so, and despite Mr Berry's description of the text as "a massive variable", there is still a pretty consensus of opinion about what the plays largely mean. It may be that directorial intervention is exacerbated by the fact that Shakespeare's natural genius, combined with the working conditions of his time, led him to make "a theatre" relatively unnecessary. He did the scene, not the designer; he did the directing; perhaps he did not. To put it another way, in a Shakespeare play, the concepts of a Shakespeare play "as a merely academic hot air" are not a special case, as Peter Brook and others here have perceived, if not fully realized.

There is plenty still for the director to explore in Shakespeare, and there is plenty for the literary critic. The Zeitgeist goes on, for better and for worse, and we are all part of the perversities of the critics who (as Johnson put it) "hope for eminence from the heresies of paradox", modern directorial ingenuity and fantasies do not widen response or sharpen relevance; they narrow and blunt the play's universality and point. It was long ago that someone remarked of Shakespeare that "he was not of an age, but for all time", and those who have taught his work in theatrical companies never or rarely will know that the remark was made by a man who did not help to help many, and it doesn't help for Mr Berry to compare Caesar as Mussolini or Hitler, or for a director (Kourid, Swistrald) to discover "that the whole story between Hamlet and Parolles is really a homosexual story". Or for the courtiers of *Love's Labour's Lost* to be transformed into a group of students dreamily passing a marijuana pipe around.

One notable directorial phenomenon is the mystical "right for the time" play is "right for the time". *Truitt's* and *Cressida's* is right one year, *Coriolanus* another. Of *Scarlott's* *Measure for Measure* was right for 1975 because its theme of sexuality and corruption was publicly "permissible" then, and also because it being "a very strong play for the time" of the Rights of Women. 1975 was International Women's Year. However, Mr. Philpott's production in the Vienna of

1912, because that was a time of sexual repression, publicly speaking, and of venereal diseases. Ripeness is all. Moreover, it appears that a really masterly production can put paid to a play for a whole summer. *Night's Dream* was so successful that the play has been knocked out of the canon effectively, or so Mr Berry tells us. Associated with the theory of "rightness" and "relevance" is a distinct imputation of stupidity to the French say Shakespeare is a great writer "but he's fascist" (which French say this?), while there are "thousands of people" for whom dramatic imagery having to do with kings and queens and goddesses "is virtually intolerable".

Trevor Nunn of Stratford, England, something of an odd man out here, says an excellent thing: "Shakespeare's naturalistic writing amazes me. He is so accurate." But then, Mr Nunn believes there is such a thing as "loyalty to the text", and he believes in it. And Michael Kahn of Stratford, United States, after an incoherent venting of his highly unoriginal political views, admits that Shakespeare "is in a sense irreducible and infinitely more interesting than I am". This is quite an admission, considering the outbursts of innocent verbiage which surround it—innocent, possibly, in that Mr Berry's vehicle is "the interview", the most slovenly of modes of discourse. "I'd like to direct *The Tempest* that I think Shakespeare wanted to write, which isn't the same as saying I'd like to direct *The Tempest* (Robin Phillips). "I think that fidelity is the job of forgers and of map-makers and of (Jonathan) engineers/draftsmen." (Jonathan Miller) "I produce Shakespeare because he is my contemporary" (Giorgio Strehler).

It's all human nature, no doubt, and every age gets the directors it deserves. Shakespeare will outlive them all. But can we see a little tolerance in return? Many a perception melts into a cliché and then hardens into an ideology. And the emphasis on Shakespeare as Man of the Theatre has brought those unfortunates who read Shakespeare—or act him in their solitary head—into disrepute and contempt. Their is a "lost Shakespeare", with the suggestion that they are up to something dirty with W.S. in the WC. All the souls that were, as Freud said, were forlorn. So let them go their way unharmed and uncondemned. Incidentally, only they can hope to cope with *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and those other plays which, as time goes on, will be "knocked out of the canon" effectively.

Harvester in 1977

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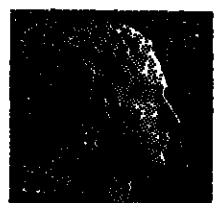
As a minister in Asquith's government, Charles Hobhouse was in a position to record in detail crucial Cabinet meetings. His recently discovered diaries have been edited by Edward David and inside Asquith's Cabinet gives remarkable insight into the inner workings of government (Summer, £6.25). In the autumn of 1911 Emma Dashwood set off for Russia to work as a governess. Using the reminiscences of Miss Dashwood and several of her contemporaries Harvey Pitcher's When Miss Emma was in Russia traces the history of these English governesses in Russia, many of whom were caught up in the turbulent years of the revolution (March, £5.95). Now two very different perspectives on the Crimean War, 'The Fields of War' edited by Philip Warner, contains the letters of a young cavalryman, Richard Temple Godman, to his family. He was in the Crimea throughout the entire campaign and his letters are both vivid and highly critical (April, £5.95). Sarah Anne Terrot was nursing at Scutari with Florence Nightingale in 1854-55 and her diary records the chaos and suffering of that terrible winter. Nurse Sarah Anne is edited by Robert G. Richardson (Summer).



Asquith by Spy from Vanity Fair

Lord Byron

Byron's Letters and Journals, edited by Leslie A. Marchand, continue with the publication of Volume 7. 'Between two worlds' reveals the dramatic progress of his romance with the Countess Guiccioli and reflects his hazardous absorption in the Italian fight for freedom from Austrian rule (Summer, £5.50). Reissued is The Late Lord Byron in which Denis Langley Moore looks at the first twenty years after his death, which yield unexpected and exciting discoveries about Byron's character and the behaviour of his friends and relatives (March, £7.50). She has also just completed the first biography of Byron's legitimate daughter, Ada, Countess of Lovelace (Summer, £9.50).



Photograph by Jay Godwin

Fiction

The authentic detail and narrative pace which have made *Devil to Pay* and *The Fireship* unrivalled successors to Hornblower are fully in evidence in C. Northcote Parkinson's third novel of Richard Delancey's naval adventures, *Touch and Go* (June, probably £4.25). Striking a quieter note, Frédéric Hébrard's *Un Mari c'est* (March, £3.50). Marcia Webb has created new adventures for the ever-popular Mumfie in Mumfie the Elephant, using the original characters from Katharine Toner's stories (May, £1.95).

Friends, needs to reassure herself of her own separate identity (Summer). Patrick Leigh Fermor's *The Violins of Saint-Jacques* captures exactly the atmosphere of a French West Indian island at the turn of the century. This release is published jointly with André Deutsch (March, £3.50). Marcia Webb has created new adventures for the ever-popular Mumfie in Mumfie the Elephant, using the original characters from Katharine Toner's stories (May, £1.95).

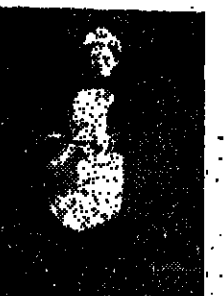
Travel and Guidebooks

When Men and Mountains Meet by John Key is the extraordinary story of the resourceful if often eccentric explorers who from 1820 to 1875 overcame political and natural barriers to penetrate the mountain wildernesses of the Western Himalayas (March, £6.50). A century later Devlin Murphy was exploring the same region accompanied by her six-year-old daughter Rachel. Where the Indus is Young describes their typically unconventional travels through the remote and sparsely populated valleys of the Karakoram (March, £4.95). In 1939 The Naked Nagas described Professor Haimendorf's visit to the Naga tribes of India's north-east borders. Return to the Naked Nagas is a release with new chapters on his return to the area in 1962 and 1970 (January, £4.95). Contact with 20th century civilization may have eroded the Nagas' traditional way of life but 5,000 years of history have left Egypt essentially unchanged. In Egypt: Land of the Valley Robin Fedden offers a personal interpretation of all that is most permanent in its culture, landscape and monuments (March, £5.50). Anyone planning to visit Russia should read Jeffrey and Eugenie Gross's practical guide, *The Soviet Union* (May, £5.95) and for the yachtsman planning a summer cruise Captain Denham's reliable sea-guide to The Adriatic is now in its second edition, revised and updated (May, £10).



Godfrey Thomas Vigne, the Skardu Valley, in the background

In Life Below Stairs Frank E. Huggett provides a vivid and fully illustrated survey of servant life from the Victorian era to its decline after the First World War (June, £4.95). Published jointly with the Bible Reading Fellowship in a second, enlarged edition, *For All Mankind* by Stuart Blanch, Archibald (January, £2.75, paperback 95p). From the Incas as soil makers to the dust bowls of Oklahoma in the 1920s Edward Hyman's Soil and Civilization looks at man's relationship to the soil throughout the ages (January, £2.75, paperback £2.50). Following her successful recreation of Richard II's cuisine in *To the King's Taste* Lorna Sass has now turned her attention to the cooking tried everything (June, £3.25). J. Mordaunt Crook's superbly illustrated survey of a new phase of British architecture, *The Greek Revival*, is now in paperback (March, £6).



The Devolution Debate

Useful background reading for those who want to know how Britain became the United Kingdom. *Devolution* describes the great Union debate in 1706-07. A new edition of *Devolution* by David Williams (April, £4.95). *The Union of Scotland* by David Williams (April, £4.95). *The Union of Scotland* by David Williams (April, £4.95).

Testing time

By Sybille van der Sprenkel

ISCHISADA MIYAZAKI: China's Examination Hell. The Civil Service Examinations of Imperial China. Translated by Conrad Schirokauer. 145pp. Tokyo and New York: Weatherhill, 3,000 Yen.

We should not be misled by the title—chosen as subtle in 1963 to chime with the mood of the 'Tokyo Intelligentsia'. This is a serious little book, although Ischisada Miyazaki, a leading Japanese authority on Chinese history, wears his learning lightly.

The civil service examination system is generally recognized as having been a key institution in Chinese society, one of the great social inventions of the Chinese and one of the most enduring. It was a means of attracting men of talent from all parts of the empire to be re-deployed in a unified government service, deflecting the able and ambitious from other careers; it freed the emperor from dependence on the power of either aristocrats or military; to a very limited extent it provided the possibility of escape from the hazards and hardships of agriculture to relative comfort and security, while in actuality it must have meant the frustration of failure for many thousands who entered the inferiority of women, far like those who worked in a few occupations regarded as base or mean, they were excluded completely.

We are not given here a history of the examination system but a study of the way it operated in its fully developed form, with backward glances at formative periods in its long history. The whole process—a series of elimination tests which the many with ambition had to attempt for the few to be proved worthy of entry into the ranks of the relatively small civil service—is described in detail from the first hurdle to final approval by the emperor. Glimpses are given of what all this meant to the various participants from their different perspectives, brought to life with all the attendant stresses and strains by references to real historical persons, and quotations from the poems they wrote about it.

Obviously, to come through successfully, candidates required stamina and determination as well as scholarship. Much was done to make the competition fair and selection rational but, where so much was at stake, venality could not be

eliminated. Candidates were in numbers and completed papers compiled so that neither names nor handwriting should reveal identity. But then we learn that the seniority might be rearranged for political reasons, to placate a despotic province, so great was the hope of achieving top place. And, only third suffered such frustration that he withdrew from government and later wrote a history which earned him more fame than his 'just another statesman'. So incidents set one wondering about the costs to China in terms of intellectual development of concentrating so much talent on such a narrow track.

It was natural that the high charged emotional atmosphere surrounding the examinations should have given rise to a considerable folklore. What we learn of this illustrates how little traditional Chinese education did to demystify the world (to use Max Weber's phrase). In times of such excitement, credulity seems to have run high: candidates were commonly seen as visions of spirits offering an exchange of favours or in dread of falling as a punishment for sins from earlier misdeeds. Confucian ideas were by no means the only ones kept alive by the method of selection process.

Professor Miyazaki's content periods when the examination system worked well with when it did not. Brief periods when the government always put more emphasis on selection than on education.

Education always costs money. And governments everywhere are apt to economise on such programs as education which do not show immediate gains. At the beginning of the Southern Song period (12th century of our era) the size of the national university was reduced.

A familiar lament.

On the question as to whether or how real a ladder to success it was, much is said, but we get a fairly vivid picture of what life was like for those who chose to enter the competition. For anyone who wants to know about the intricacies and ramifications of the examination system in Imperial China it will be a most useful source, and if the translated text does not satisfy one's thirst for information, a bibliography of works in Western and East Asian languages has been added. A well-prepared index adds to its usefulness.

My Son

My son,
my only son,
the one I never had,
would be a man today.

He moves
in the wind,
fleshless, nameless.
Sometimes

he comes
and leans his head,
lighter than air,
against my shoulder

and I ask him,
Son,
where do you stay,
where do you hide?

And he answers me
with a cold breath,
You never noticed
though I called

and called
and kept on calling
from a place
beyond love,
where nothing
everything
wants to be born.

Mark Strand

(after Carlos Drummond de Andrade)

The extended offshore family

By Arthur P. Wolf

MYRON L. COHEN: House United, House Divided: The Chinese Family in Taiwan. 272pp. Columbia University Press. \$15.

The anthropologist who takes as his province the native peoples of the New Guinea Highlands, the Amazon Basin, or the Kalahari Desert is to be envied. Far from calling into question the value of his work, the exotic locale makes it all the more attractive. For the anthropologist who chooses to study a complex society the situation is very different. By taking as his subject the social life of peasant farmers or shopkeepers in some small market town, he immediately faces the attention of those whose interest is drawn by the power exercised in the capital city. If in addition he chooses to study a community that is located on a cultural, political, or social frontier, his work is likely to be ignored by historians as well as by political scientists. Like everyone else involved in a complex society, the anthropologist is subject to forces that direct attention towards the centre.

I believe that this attitude toward anthropological research is found in Indian, Japanese, and Latin American studies as well as Chinese studies. In the case of China, however, the situation is exacerbated by a sinological tradition that views Chinese society from the perspective of its elite, by the homogeneity, and by the political events that have forced anthropologists to concentrate their work in Hong Kong and Taiwan. Scholars in other disciplines ready concede the value of research for the study of the Chinese family, but the majority fail to see how it is relevant to their concern with Chinese society on the mainland. There are even some anthropologists who have their doubts. In the foreword to this book, Morton Fried writes: "There are several reasons for delight with Cohen's study, even though attention is now turning toward events on Mainland China. It is as though Cohen's study had just missed the boat."

Anthropologists could respond to this attitude by returning to first principles. Forgetting sinology, the mainland, and the great tradition, they could argue that the reasons for studying Taiwan are as good as those for studying Hokkaido, French Indochina, or the Far East. For those concerned, this has not happened. Instead of adopting a defensive posture, they have set about reinterpreting what is known about Chinese society in the light of studies conducted on Taiwan.

Though it has only been ten years since English-language monographs appeared, few if any generalizations about Chinese society have escaped challenge from across the Pormosa Straits. Emily Ahern has uncovered an unsuspected fear of the honoured dead; Burton Pasternak has shown that lineages are not a product of frontier conditions; Margery Wolf has given new life to the study of the Chinese family by laying forever the myth of the passive wife and the over-protective mother; Stephen Feuchtwang has reinterpreted the relationship between class structure and religion; Wang Sung-hsing has discovered marked differences in the family life of peasant farmers and fishermen; Soie Sa Winkler has shown that the marriage customs of the very wealthy and the very poor are not as far apart as was previously imagined; and Nancy C. Olsen has opened a new field of study with her investigation of work on child-training practices. The books I was told to read when I entered graduate school in 1954 do not appear on today's reading lists, largely because of the lessons learned by way of research on Taiwan.

As the study of Chinese society on Taiwan has gradually emerged as a distinct field of study, Myron L. Cohen has played a major role in preventing the development of an insular attitude. Consequently, it comes as no surprise to see that the subject of *House United, House Divided* is a small, remote, speaking village in southern Taiwan, the questions raised are not limited to this village, the Hakka, or even Taiwan. The focus is China. In Cohen's view the study of Chinese society on Taiwan is important precisely because the island still can teach us so much about traditional Chinese society.

In his preface Cohen tells us that he did not begin to ask the questions to which this book is addressed until he had settled in the village and "discovered that the so-called 'large', extended, or 'joint' form of the family was commonplace, to the extent that more than half of the village's population were members of such units". Forty years earlier this finding would not have qualified as a "discovery". It was only because of the customary, but not the official, form of the family system with a round denunciation of the older view that the large or 'joint' family is the typical family of China. The family of the peasant farmer was either a simple elementary family or a short-lived stem family. Large complex families were only to be found among the elite.

By the early 1940s, when the families Cohen studied were taking shape, mortality on Taiwan had dropped precipitously. By concentrating on the way in which families make it survive to marry. Thus, with at least two men able to go their separate ways, the basic question is why in some families they stay together for longer periods than in others. The originality of Cohen's analysis with that offered by Maurice Freedman in his magnificent *Chinese Lineage and Society*.

In Freedman's view everything hung on the ability of the father to exercise his authority as paterfamilias, *chie-fu-chien* (family head). He had, on the one hand, to suppress the rebelliousness of those of his sons who would have superseded him, and on the other, to hold in check the fierce competition of his sons with one another. Large families emerged and endured among the wealthy where the father, politically and economically superior, could dominate his sons; small families were the rule among the poor where the father's authority was weak and rebelliousness or impose domestic peace.

Where Freedman assumed that the father was only dissolved by death, Cohen is of the view that marriage marked an end to the subordination of Chinese society to the father. Overly and particularly in public, a married son had to defer to his father, but with respect to the most critical of all resources, landed property, a married son enjoyed jural equality with his father. Each was recognized as a distinct person, and each could demand its portion. If brothers remained together after marriage, it was not because they were cowed by their father's authority. It was because they saw some advantage in pooling their resources. Cohen recognizes the possibility of rivalry in the fraternal relationship but argues that it was consciously suppressed when cooperation was economically advantageous. For Freedman's competition, potentially of a fierce kind, Cohen substitutes calculated self-interest.

In Freedman's analysis a strong father attempts to hold in check his rebellious and competitive sons. Whether he succeeds or not depends largely on the extent to which his authority as father is buttressed by his position in the society beyond the estate and the fraternal relationship. The fate of a family is decided by all of the social and economic factors, rationally, and in search of economic advantage. In Yen-liao (the site of Cohen's research) married brothers commonly remained together because they grew tobacco, a labour-intensive crop, or because their grandfather had crossed several generations, family antecedents, while the subject of *House United, House Divided* is a small, remote,

speaking village in southern Taiwan, the questions raised are not limited to this village, the Hakka, or even Taiwan. The focus is China. In Cohen's view the study of Chinese society on Taiwan is important precisely because the island still can teach us so much about traditional Chinese society.

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House United, House Divided is not a graceful book, but it is an important book. By concentrating on the way in which families make their living and distribute their resources, Cohen arrives at a wholly original interpretation of family dynamics and the relationship between family structure and the economy. I think he underestimates the degree to which the fraternal relationship is influenced by personal as against pragmatic considerations, and I am convinced that he is mistaken when he argues that the prominence of women in family control on the way in which families make their living and distribute their resources, Cohen arrives at a wholly original interpretation of family dynamics and the relationship between family structure and the economy. 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Bridget Helm, Adele Sanrock, Paul Harbiger, Charles Boyer and many others.

A third way in which Lang kept a large measure of artistic control over his material emerges clearly from Lotte Eisner's pages. When, as in his UFA days, he was given a free hand and a large budget, he used it to the full in building spectacular sets, employing vast numbers of extras, and devising costly (and proportionately impressive) "special effects". Unlike the self-destructive Erich von Stroheim, however, Lang was always ready to make do with a small budget, to improvise with the help of the gifted cameramen and technicians with whom he collaborated (and these included geniuses like Karl Freund, Fritz Arno Wagner, Eugen Schütz and James Wong Howe) and not only to accept but to keep shooting-schedules measured in days rather than months. "Economy," Lotte Eisner rightly says, "proved a stimulus to Lang's invention".

The last respect in which Lang was able to remain an auteur under vastly less favourable circumstances than (say) Ingmar Bergman is also the most important. He always remained politically naive—an account of Weimar Germany which he gave to students of the University of California in 1967 begins with the words: "After the defeat in World War I, and after the obligatory but senseless, because emotional, social upheaval...". But from M onwards he became passionately interested in questions of social morality, questions of responsibility, questions about the relationship between character, "face" and social ambience, which he pursued doggedly in film after film. He had, of necessity, to think of ways in which he could make all this acceptable to a paying public; but he was never interested in turning a fast buck, or in simply giving the public what Hollywood's front-office men thought it wanted. This entailed moving from company to company, from studio to studio, in his later years at one time Lang even formed his own production company, Diana Productions, in association with Joan Bennett and Walter Wagner; but through this he had grave disadvantages financially,



The three mothers from M.

It did mean that Lang never became part of the studio machine in the way more pliable directors were to do. Indeed, he helped others to gain greater freedom from that machine by the part he played in the founding and the early organization of the Screen Directors' Guild—a "MGM executives" Lotte Eisner sharp them in the flesh of the MGM executives. Lotte Eisner says, "since for the first time it united Hollywood creative workers in a kind of union". No wonder that "this lousy German son of a bitch" as one of these executives saw fit to call him, came to be looked on as something of a Bolshevik. (That Lang was in fact an Austrian by birth, and deeply conscious of his roots in Austrian civilization, was a distinction little

appreciated by his Hollywood employers.) What Lang could not prevent, in all cases, was the mutilation of his films by later editors, distributing companies and even—it would seem—politically motivated archivists. Lotte Eisner gives several distressing examples of this, from *From M to M* to *Clock and Dagger*; but she leaves, inevitably, several puzzles. Her filmography tells us, for instance, that *Metropolis* has been cut "considerably" and that a complete copy of the film is now known to exist. This is hard to reconcile with a statement in the authoritative, exhaustively researched catalogue of the exhibition which the German Library Archives of Marbach recently devoted to the early German cinema; for there we are told that *Metropolis* originally ran for seven hours, and was shown in two parts, each a half hour each. The present running time of *Metropolis* is given as "44 hours" in the *Oxford Companion to Film*.

Few readers of Lotte Eisner's book will, however, be left in any doubt that Lang's work deserves the most serious consideration. She discusses the many traces that his early training as an architect and designer have left on his films; their combination of documentary accuracy and visionary romanticism; their half-tones and dreamlike atmosphere; their touches of grim or melancholy humour; the situations typical of many of them, in which enemies are everywhere, activity is forced underground or impossible, and ordinary objects (a cake, say, or a pair of tailors' scissors) take on an unusual menace. She demonstrates thematic developments and continuities over the whole of Lang's career, as well as over limited groups like *Woman on the Window*, *Scarlet Street*, *The Big Heat* and *While the City Sleeps*. She draws illuminating comparisons (notably *La Bête humaine* and *Human Desire*) and supports her arguments with contemporary reviews or the comments of articulate fellow directors like Truffaut. The real glory of the book, however, is its combination of structure and thematic analysis with close technical descriptions of Lang's procedures and effects: his use of lighting, close-ups, crab-dollies, back-projection, stop-action images, break-away suits, studio-built trucks, whistled tunes, ellipses of sound and images, proceeding in the service of some central theme or vision.

"If I am honest," he wrote late in his life, "I have to confess that I never quite succeeded in turning the wealth of visions I intended to film into actual films." Lotte Eisner's book represents the most successful attempt ever made to show in what ways Lang's vision did manage, in face of the most daunting odds, to convey his vision of the physical and the moral world by means of films designed to be seen, not only in the cinema but to make a profit in the commercial

The close analyses of individual films, sequences and shots which distinguish Lotte Eisner's book have been made possible by her association with the Cinémathèque française, where she has been able to view Lang's extant works over and over again. I have no such advantage and must therefore rely on memory of films sometimes seen many years ago in the course of a life devoted to other things. Nevertheless I do on occasion feel that a scene or a shot does not work in quite the way Lotte Eisner describes. Here, for instance, is her description of a camera-angle in *M*:

The celebrated shot of Inspector Lohmann in his office, filmed from above and angled to show up his great belly, and make him look like some enormous toad in the foreshortened perspective, has been assumed to be "ornamental" in purpose. Yet no shot in Lang is so purely or gratuitously; his compositions always reveal something—here it is Lohmann's earthy vitality.

Filed from above? In my (vivid) recollection this shot was angled

The cavalry spirit

By David Hunt

FRIEDRICH-KARL VON FLEHWE: *Reiter, Streiter und Rebelle*. 286pp. Schöbner Verlag. DM34.

"The extraordinary life of General Ernst-Günther Baade" is the subtitle that Ambassador von Flehwe has given to his book. It was not so much his career as his character that deserves the adjective. Baade was a cavalryman. He fought as a trooper and later as an officer in the First World War, stayed on in the regular *Reichswehr*, and in the Second World War served with the mounted cavalry, a regiment in Poland, France and Russia, commanded a motorized infantry regiment in the German Afrika Korps and ended his active career as commander of the 90th Panzer Grenadier Division in Italy.

Between the wars he was one of Germany's leading showjumpers. He gained a reputation for eccentricity both for his theories on training and especially for his disregard for uniform regulations. In the desert he went to such extremes in his choice of dress that from one description he seems to have rigged himself up like an officer in the 11th Hussars. The accounts of his part in the African and Italian campaigns will be of most interest to British readers, especially the vivid descriptions of Rommel's army commander's dash and his risky methods of exercising control of the battle, for he was himself

from below, up Otto Wendt's impression of coarseness, was a confusion of this scene in *M* with a complementary scene in *You O Live Once*, where Edle's unorthodox boss is indeed shown in foreshortened perspective from above.

Technical descriptions and analyses are supplemented by occasionally well-chosen illustrations from a terrifyingly surrealistic dust-jacket (a suggestion of poster for the third Mabius film to an unattributed caricature of Lindbergh, grinning from a director's chair on page 494, Carl Lang's portrait is strikingly exhibited on page 10, where he is depicted in his own face and hand. Besides dust-jackets and set design there are many stills from his films and many revealing photographs of Fritz Lang at work, mostly, it would seem, from the master's own collection. Here as elsewhere Lotte Eisner's training as an architect really tells. I have not found a single illustration which is merely decorative, which does not serve to make an important point either direct or indirect, or as an extension of the discursive comments in her text. The only regret which remains is that it has been found possible to illustrate Lang's subtle, painterly use of colour in such films as *The Return of Fra James* and *Moonsicht*.

In her acknowledgments Lotte Eisner expresses her gratitude to the English editor of her book, who is also given credit in two other places for the work he has put in it. One wonders what his duties were. On the evidence of the copy under review these did not include vetting the translation, and enough to prevent gibberish like "a strangely loud house" or "the films possess Greek tragedy" from seeing the light of print. He did, it would seem, ensure that names like Andersa, Valcutt, Reinhard, Reich, Solvold, Siegfried and Sal Cecilia are given their correct form, or that the rules governing the spelling, capitalization and combination of German words are consistently observed. These are minor annoyances, however, which cannot seriously detract from the pleasure and profit everyone interested in the art of the cinema will derive from an admittedly partisan work that no future writer on Lang will be able to ignore.

both he and his biographer plausibly thought that Rommel, though originally from the infantry, carried the cavalry spirit too far, and threw away his victories as fast as he won them.

The word "rebel" in the title refers to his strong anti-Nazi feelings. In the last days of the war they led him to shoot with his own hand a high-ranking SS officer who was demanding the unconditional surrender of the light for Cologne, the steps by which this originally unpolitical officer, interested only in horses and dogs, gradually grew to accept the beliefs of the only effective anti-Nazi resistance, the army resistance, are sketched with accuracy and acuteness by one whose ideas had followed the same path.

Friedrich-Karl von Flehwe is indeed as interesting as his subject. He was a fellow-officer of Baade's in the 3rd Cavalry Regiment in Göttingen and shared with him the joys of peacetime soldiering in a mounted regiment. They met again in Rome, where von Flehwe was assistant military attaché; he has left an account of the Italian change of sides in 1943, published in English under the title *The End of an Alliance*, which is both accurate and magnanimous. After the war he took a degree at Göttingen, entered the foreign service, and now, with the rank of ambassador, is secretary-general of the Western European Union. Apart from the interest of the subject, his book is a pleasure to read because of the style. Elegant but plain, humorous but always convincing, it is the perfect vehicle for a study written by one honourable and truthful German officer about

A greatness of good taste

By Hugh Honour

JOSEPH BURKE: *English Art 1714-1800*. 425pp and 120 black-and-white plates. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £12.50.

Reviewers often say that books have been long awaited without specifying just how long. We have been waiting for more than a quarter of a century for Joseph Burke's contribution to the *Oxford History of English Art* which was commissioned in 1949. Written to the same brief and published in the same format as other volumes in this notable series, it fills the gap between that on the period 1625-1714, by Sir Oliver Miller and the late Margaret Whitney, and that devoted to the nineteenth century by the editor, the late T. S. R. Boase (published respectively in 1957 and 1959). So neatly does the new volume slip onto the shelf between its two neighbours that future students may well be unaware of the time-lag. But this is not to denigrate it.

In retrospect the 1950s now seems to have been a golden decade for the study of British art in general and the eighteenth century in particular—a kind of prolonged artistic Festival of Britain. The first volume of Sir Nikolaus Pevsner's *Buildings of England* came out in 1951, setting a new standard for the study of Georgian (as well as earlier and later) architecture and sculpture in England. Among the first three volumes of the *Pelican History of Art*, which began to appear under Pevsner's editorship in 1953, two were devoted to British art: Sir John Summerson's *Architecture in Britain 1530-1830* and Sir Ellis Waterhouse's *Painting in Britain 1530-1790*. The *Survey of English Painting* of British Sculpture 1600-1850 came out in the same

year, soon followed by Howard Colvin's *Biographical Dictionary of English Architects 1660-1840*. In 1954—two books based on intensive fieldwork and research in archives. The study of English furniture entered a new phase, also in 1954, with the publication of Ralph Edwards's three-volume revision of Macquoid's *Dictionary of English Furniture*. Next year the Walpole Society issued the final volume of the notebooks of George Vertue, completing the publication of the most important of all sources for the study of early eighteenth-century English art. The three volumes of the late Christopher Hussey's *English Country Houses*, based on articles he had contributed over many years to *Country Life*, were published between 1955 and 1958. Several standard monographs on individual eighteenth-century artists and architects date from the 1950s, also Professor Burke's edition of Hogarth's *Analysis of Beauty* (1955) and Robert R. Warke's *Joshua Reynolds's Discourses on Art* (1959).

None of these books of the 1950s attempted a comprehensive view of eighteenth-century English art, though a memorable exhibition, "English Taste in the Eighteenth Century", held at the Royal Academy in the winter of 1955-6, associated painting, sculpture and architectural drawings with the decorative arts. The very difficult task of writing this kind of history was left to Professor Burke, who, in his account of the century, accounts for landscape gardens, miniature, silver, ceramics, glass, and sculpture as well as artistic theory, painting, sculpture and architecture. In this respect his book is unique. It is also more ambitious in its width of coverage than other volumes in the same series, where the art of minor artists tend to be relegated to minor corners of the text.

So far as the more famous artists and architects are concerned, Professor Burke is a reliable guide,

well-informed and sensitive to their individual qualities. He is perhaps too much inclined to defer to the opinions of other historians and quote their sometimes flat remarks, which is a pity as his own comments are usually acute and often witty in a truly Augustan way. He is at his best on artists about whom relatively little has been written in recent years (John Ople, for example) and at his most original when comparing works in different media, as in his suggestion that the foreign sculptors who settled in England between 1715 and 1730 exerted a liberating influence on portrait painters emerging from the shadow of Sir Godfrey Kneller. A comparison between Joseph Nolleken's monument to Sir Thomas and Lady Salusbury and Gainsborough's "Morning Walk" illuminates both.

Well aware that English art of this period cannot be studied without frequent reference to developments on the Continent, Professor Burke gives due attention both to the work of foreign visitors to England and to the lessons learnt by English patrons and artists on their travels abroad. His account of the introduction and modification of the Rococo is excellent. But he perhaps underestimates the appeal of the *genre pittoresque* to the more cosmopolitan patrons. One of just-mentioned Aurélien Meissonnier's most elaborate and extravagant pieces of silver was made for the young second Duke of Kingston in 1735. The fifth Earl of Berkeley acquired a vast dinner service with bold rococo patterns made in the Paris workshops of Jacques Roettiers between 1735 and 1738. While such objects could be imported, together with Gobelins tapestries and Lyons silks or porcelain from Germany, the demand for home-made imitations may well have been limited. The quantity and quality of these imports still remains to be investigated and their influence on English arts to be assessed.

A wide-angle view enables Pro-

fessor Burke to examine a number of general ideas which were reflected in all the arts, perhaps to a greater extent in England than on the Continent. One is the cult of informality as popularized by Addison, another the—our cars some-what ludicrous—belief summed up in Jonathan Richardson's claim that

no nation under heaven so nearly resembles the ancient Greeks and Romans as we. There is a haughty courage, an elevation of thought, a greatness of taste, a love of liberty, a simplicity and honesty among us, which we inherit from our ancestors, and which belongs to us as Englishmen.

Both ideas tended to limit the influence of Continental styles, especially in architecture, the former cutting short the rhetoric of the Baroque and the latter restraining the wilfulness of the Rococo. And both very strongly influenced the major artistic achievement of eighteenth-century England: the creation of the landscape garden.

Professor Burke gives great prominence to the landscape garden. Its account of its origins is admirably judicious and he writes with sensitivity of the finest surviving examples. He is particularly informative about literary relationships, suggesting that Pope attempted to recreate the garden of Alcibiades at Twickenham, for instance, and that Gray found images for the "Blossy" at Stowe. Yet one may question whether he is right in calling the garden the landscape garden. It is a spearhead of Romanticism. It could alternatively be regarded as the manifestation of an attitude to nature which was to be foisted and no right to the position which it symbolized—the recently enriched nabob or the "cit" who laid out the few acres around his "country box" informally and enclosed them with a "skulking, sly haw-haw".

The other outstanding contribution made by the English to the art of the eighteenth century was the political—or, as it was sometimes called, "impolitical"—print, the most remarkable testimony to the freedom of expression permitted here as nowhere else in Europe. This is a topic on which Professor Burke might profitably have enlarged. But he does reproduce an

sion," he wrote in 1822. And Hegel, acquainted with German derivations from the English park, was to prefer formal layout to the artfully informal since the latter appealed neither as nature nor as art. To the Romantics the very idea that nature could be manipulated and "improved" was abhorrent.

It is surely significant that landscape gardening was ranked among the "fine arts" only in the eighteenth century. And no art is more essentially aristocratic in an ancient régime sense than the English landscape garden—even though two of the most famous were made and owned by commoners, Pope and Shenstone. Created for the well-bred and well-read, it is a product of classically educated upper-class culture, the realization of an ideal of self-assured informality, an unconscious wish to witness watermarked power and unpedantic learning. It might include a monument to the Barons' wars and Magna Carta, a temple of British worthies or even an archway commemorating an American victory. Independence—but of liberty as defined by Locke and enjoyed by the oligarchy. The haw-haw separated it from the surrounding world of unimproved nature was an almost insurmountable barrier though not so firmly set and effective than that which divided the owners from other ranks of society. Thus, much of the satirical literature on the landscape garden was aimed at those who were supposed to have no right to the position which it symbolized—the recently enriched nabob or the "cit" who laid out the few acres around his "country box" informally and enclosed them with a "skulking, sly haw-haw".

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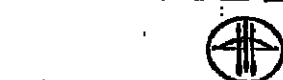
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Reputations revisited

The first issue of the TLS appeared on January 17, 1902. To mark our 75th anniversary we asked a number of writers, scholars and artists to nominate the most underrated and over-rated books (or authors) of the past seventy-five years.

Anthony Powell

The question conjures up a host of *hétéroclites*; one or two idiosyncratic favourites. One cannot be absolute; besides, the terms of reference must be followed as closely as possible.

Loaded with official honours, equally lauded throughout his long life in circles where official recognition was supposedly regarded with derision, E. M. Forster seems to possess strong claims to be placed in the overrated category. N. C. Chaudhuri has pointed out the condescension of manner in Forster's bestseller, *A Passage to India* (1924), a novel expressing deeply felt sentiments about the subcontinent, but not always convincing in its mask of objectivity. A similar blind self-satisfaction colours the four lesser novels, now much dated, where gush and archness are not always avoided. The posthumous *Maurice*—a kind of *Chamis* story plus buggery—it is perhaps unfair to include as a serious work.

My underrated candidate is Jocelyn Brooke (1908-1966). Brooke used to receive reasonably good notices when alive but nowadays his name is rarely mentioned when writers of that generation are listed, among whom he holds his own unique place. Brooke's genre was reminiscence lightly touched with fiction. In *The Dog at Clumber* (1955) his best qualities are seen as autobiographer, traveller, critic. The Dog was a sub in a neighbouring village called Clumber-crown, a concatenation of names that haunted him as a child, but a place he only visited in later life. *The Military Archid* (1948) and *The Goose Cathedral* (1950) are also recommended. Brooke was on the whole less at ease with straight novel-writing than with a blend of memory and invention, and with his special passions: botany and fireworks; nevertheless, *The Image of a Dragon* (1950) is read with a remarkable Kafkaesque tour de force for a writer who had, in fact, never read Kafka when the book was written.

Roland Barthes

Overrated: André Malraux. A writer's oeuvre is a very subtle balance between a system of ideas and words. With Malraux the words are sometimes very fine but the ideas are feeble. Malraux is as overrated now as Victor Hugo was in the last century, if not more so. I there are strange things in Hugo which there are not in Malraux.

Underrated: Raymond Queneau, a daring, noble writer whose death was almost unnoticed because French literature is not very fond of its humorists and soon forgets those who have made it laugh.

Angus Wilson

Overrated: E. M. Forster's *Howards End*.
Underrated: John Cowper Powys's *Portius*.

Richard Ellmann

Henri Michaux is well known in France but his work, though it lends itself to translation and has been translated, has not achieved much notice in English-speaking countries. If he is thought of at all it is as a coterie figure, indistinctly surreal, and deep in unconsciousness. This view is not wrong, but could be applied to Kafka as well. Michaux is, however, accessible and oddly funny. His quarrel with the world has exemplary force. As a boy he considered himself to be a founding. As a sailor on merchant ships he savoured estrangement from both his native land and the countries he visited. On returning to Paris, he read Lautréamont, and suddenly thought that literature might be a means of escape. He followed that thought, and wrote what was called *Le Transatlantique*. In this he attacked with fury and with savage humour the matter of the world and all

they had congealed. In his *A Bar* in Asia, *Poème à Great Gurnah*, and in the *Country of Magic*, he shows himself to be a great satirist of the Swiftian kind; in *The March into the Tunnel* he gives one of the bitterest descriptions of life in occupied France; in later works he reports on the area between being and non-being. He is a brilliant writer.

Isaiah Berlin

Overrated: *The Human Condition* by Hannah Arendt.
Underrated: *Tinker's Leave* by Maurice Baring.

(This applies to virtually all the works of these authors.)

Robert Lowell

Underrated: the military historian J. F. C. Fuller—so good in his way as Bertrand Russell.

Richard Cobb

Let me begin with the underrated (and indeed, largely forgotten). In French, Henri Béraud's *La Gerbe d'Or*, a delicate and tender evocation of a Lyon childhood in Les Terreaux of the city, its rivers, its quays, its *montées*, and its inhabitants and their language; René Lefèvre's two-volume *Le Film de Vie*, again tender, very funny, humorous, optimistic; and, third, the series of novels by Marc Bernard, set in Nîmes. All three belong to a healthy populist tradition and draw nostalgically on topography. In English, *Of Love and Hunger*, by Julian Maclaren-Ross; a South Coast seaside town and middle-class impoverished gentility and seaships in the mid-1930s, observed from bus-top level. A very fine piece of social observation, humorous, compassionate and never angry, unimpaired by Orwell's or Greene's usually "misanthropic" written by a novelist at least academically recalled as "X. Trapnel" and who deserves rereading.

Of the vastly overrated: among historians, the unimaginative Tawney, a mean man, and the pretentious, the unimpressive and the unimpressive, Saint-Exupéry and Malraux—the first boring, the other the first representing different examples of fraudulence. In English, James Joyce, arrogant, unpleasant, and above all, quite unreadable.

Elie Kedourie

The most overrated book in the past seventy-five years? One is overcome by the *embarras du choix*. *Two Years in the Study of History*? Lenin's *Imperialism*? My preference is Lawrence's *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* which, since its publication in a trade edition in 1935, has been acclaimed as a masterpiece both of history and of literature. But as history it is filled with falsehoods, while as literature it is spoiled by high-flown conceits and modish pretensions. Lastly, in making attractive and popular the confusion between the public world of politics and the private domain of the self, I judge it to be profoundly corrupting.

If I. Simon's *British Rule*, and *Rebellion*, published in 1937 and now almost forgotten, are the two *Seven Pillars* is not. It is cool and it is as a coterie figure, indistinctly surreal, and deep in unconsciousness. This view is not wrong, but could be applied to Kafka as well. Michaux is, however, accessible and oddly funny. His quarrel with the world has exemplary force. As a boy he considered himself to be a founding. As a sailor on merchant ships he savoured estrangement from both his native land and the countries he visited. On returning to Paris, he read Lautréamont, and suddenly thought that literature might be a means of escape. He followed that thought, and wrote what was called *Le Transatlantique*. In this he attacked with fury and with savage humour the matter of the world and all

J. R. Vincent

To be relentlessly professional: Sir Hector Butlerfield's reflections on imagination, politics, and the arts, particularly in the place of ideology, may be found at their best in one of his last-known books, *Christianity, Diplomacy, and War*. It is, unfortunately, as perhaps only in *Christianity, Diplomacy, and War* that his sense of the importance of British debate may have nearly

vanished, but the wish of the local intelligentsia to impose secular conceptions of righteousness remains. This child's guide to aggression presents hatred not as wrong but as naive; and by thus striking at a central function of the intelligentsia, ensures it will never be "in Penguin". On the opposite tack, G. M. Young's *Portrait of An Age*, magnificent in its prize essay prose, is not so much a guide as a culpably persuasive in its picture of the last century. The myth it evokes of a secure, legitimate, creative, but finally doomed, ruling class is at once a description, symptom, and cause of a national decline—an impression on the youthful historical mind that no later research can quite repair.

Philip Larkin

Underrated: the six novels of Barbara Pym published between 1950 and 1961 which give an unrivalled picture of a small section of middle-class post-war England. She has a unique eye and ear for the small province and comedies of everyday life. Overrated: D. H. Lawrence's *Women in Love*. This Miss Pym a better novelist than Mr. Lawrence, but *Women in Love* has always seemed to me the least readable of his novels, boring, turgid, mechanical, ugly, and dominated by the kind of deadly will-power that elsewhere Lawrence always attacked. I seem to remember that Middleton Murry felt the same way about it.

Then, another thing needs a plain: a very slight failure of alignment between the avenue of approach to the monument and its own axis. This occurred because when they were building a really accurate machine to find the exact day of midsummer, they found it useless to consider the first appearance of the sun at dawn. I have observed this more than once in a school flight; you get a broad glowing band on the horizon, which becomes brighter, but with no indication of where the sun will come, and then suddenly (it seems) the sun has popped up halfway. So for accurate work they measured the sun's position above the horizon, and this required a tiny change of alignment. I wish the book had given us the calculation, but that would be going rather beyond what the readers would expect. I shall be lieve in it until I see it refuted.

Vladimir Nabokov

The Pastorate Friends by H. G. Wells, a very poor example of the unjustly ignored masterpiece. I must have been fourteen or fifteen when I went through it, and it has since been five winters of tacit access to my father's library. Today I am a seventy-seven I clearly remember how it affected me by the style, the charm, the energy of the "message" or "symbols" if you like. I have never read it and now I see it as a coloured haze leaving only some final details—growing a little closer to me in time—still coming through.

The last meeting of the lovers takes place under a lily supellex on a summer's day in a stranger's drawing room where the furniture is swathed in white covers. As Stephen, after parting with his mistress, walks another part, he says to the latter: "Simply to say something and finding only a portable statement concerning those chairs."

A touch of high art refused to Courard or Lawrence.

© 1977 Vladimir Nabokov

William Empson

Coleridge, The Damaged Archangel by Norman Fruman (1972) was overrated at the time, and probably still is in some quarters. It argues that all the ideas of Coleridge were derived from German philosophers and critics, fairly late in his life, and that telling lies to hide this was his chief occupation. One must agree that some of his behaviour is hard to understand, but I like the theory of Professor Bata that he became afraid of going to Hell if he expressed pantheist opinions, so that they no longer gushed from him in exalted harangues, but he felt comparatively safe when he dictated to Bata the translations of Coleridge in his notebooks. In his total misunderstanding of Coleridge and his friends. Thus he writes:

In August 1800 Charles Lamb, who was to become one of the great nineteenth-century critics of Shakespeare, could write that George Dyer had called Shakespeare "a great but irregular genius, which I think to be an original and just remark." Since I have read the remark, I have been a little puzzled. It does not seem likely that he had as yet heard a contrary opinion from Coleridge. Indeed, Lamb seems scarcely to have been aware of the history of

Shakespeare criticism, for his remark was itself a commonplace.

Dyer was famous in this circle for his platitudes, which Lamb also reported with some awe. It is to think what must have happened in the mind of Fruman, if he is the letters in any quantity.

I came across a very good book about Stenhouse, translated from the French of a South American author, in a Bookrama in a Stenhouse street, in an exchange made for secondhand paperbacks. This book is not underrated, but it seems likely to be, and it certainly deserves recommending. It is by a sober and well informed, but independent in its views (The *Myth of Stenhouse* by Fernand N. Paris, 1974) and it is a very good transport of the blue-stones from Wales can be avoided if you are a competent seaman, so that it could sail round to Bournemouth and come up the River Avon. On the other hand, a humorous and always well informed, but always bringing to perfection the circle of the observation of the sun at dawn. After the big stones had been erected, and got very nearly by a scaffolding; then the curved stones could be pulled up and laid at leisure, Ruiting and removing this tumulus would take a few years, but it would be little compared to Silbury Hill.

Then, another thing needs a plain: a very slight failure of alignment between the avenue of approach to the monument and its own axis. This occurred because when they were building a really accurate machine to find the exact day of midsummer, they found it useless to consider the first appearance of the sun at dawn. I have observed this more than once in a school flight; you get a broad glowing band on the horizon, which becomes brighter, but with no indication of where the sun will come, and then suddenly (it seems) the sun has popped up halfway. So for accurate work they measured the sun's position above the horizon, and this required a tiny change of alignment. I wish the book had given us the calculation, but that would be going rather beyond what the readers would expect. I shall be lieve in it until I see it refuted.

Liam Hudson

My choice for the most overrated writer would be Ludwig Wittgenstein: a man of subtlety and dedication, but now ensnared in a superhuman glamour. No one is that good. It's time his ideas were put in the ordinary way, as if written by a mortal.

For the most underrated in my own field, Norman O. Brown, a professor of classics who came to Freud somewhat late in the day, and as a result wrote two remarkable books: *Life Against Death* and *The Structure of the Psyche*. He is a touch of high art refused to Courard or Lawrence.

John Betjeman

We the Accused (1935) by Ernest Raymond is one of the best London novels and a masterpiece of suspense. He is now an underrated writer. A *Family That Was* (1929) is another powerful novel.

Pamela Hansford Johnson

Underrated: Benito Pérez Galdós (1843-1920), known all over the Spanish-speaking world and in some parts of the United States; but despite a fine translation by Laura Clark, virtually unknown here. *The Evidence of The Distance* and *Fortunate and Infortunate*, worthy to stand in the first half dozen of European writers of all time.

Also, James Hanley. Probably he has had the most wonderful press of this century, but he is seldom mentioned when lists of contemporary writers of great merit are drawn up. He can be dull at times, but *The Turpin* and *The Hot* show a vein of pure genius.

Hugh Trevor-Roper

Jack Yeats was a painter with the soul of a poet and the pen of an angel. He was a marvellous letter-writer. Two hundred and fifty-nine of his letters, mainly to his son the poet, were published (by Faber and Faber) in 1944, on wartime paper. His letters remind me of those of Keats, with their universal interests, their literary and aesthetic judgements, their sensitive observations on poets and ideas, Ireland and America, society and human life. This to me is a golden book.

Leaving aside the great charlatans, like André Malraux and Teilhard de Chardin, who are *hous concus*, I consider the whole of the group—excepting only J. M. Keynes—to be the most overrated literary phenomenon of our times. Above all, Lytton Strachey: Strachey who has recently been accorded a two-volume biography, and whose only achievement was to trivialize history, to empty it of its real content and meaning, in order to raise a few complacent titers from the radical chic of his time.

Mary Douglas

Underrated: *Titus Groan* by Mervyn Peake.
Overrated: *The Lord of the Rings* by J. R. R. Tolkien.

Harry Levin

Underrated: Thorstein Veblen. Using the insights of anthropology to illuminate the perspectives of economics, he voiced unpopular views in astringent prose, and consequently was excommunicated from his own society—though there are increasing signs of interest in those views, such as the current apostasy of J. Kenneth Galbraith.

Overrated: Jean-Paul Sartre. A man of courage and sympathy, but essentially an intellectual muddler, whose philosophy has been mainly casuistry and whose literary work has been mostly café-table-talk, he has contributed to the inflation of the French language and degraded traditions of clarity and rigour for an eclectic mess of German metaphysics and Marxist dialectics.

Donald MacRae

I take it that overrated does not mean worst, or underrated best. Despite the claims of D. H. Lawrence, Virginia Woolf, R. H. Tawney and Milton Friedman, I would nominate Karl Kraus as our most overrated writer. The most underrated is the poet and sociologist, Charles Madge.

Daniel Bell

Overrated: Georg Lukács, the Hungarian Marxist philosopher and literary critic. His two most interesting books, *Soul and Form* (1910) and *The Theory of the Novel* (1914-15), were written before he was a Marxist, and under the influence of Georg Simmel. The book which gave him his great notoriety (or celebrity) was *History and Class Consciousness* (1923). It contributed three cant words or phrases to left-wing sociological jargon: *totality*, or the knowledge of its entirety; *the process in its entirety*; *whatever that means; class truth*, or the proletariat as the historical subject—the idea that any empirical study of class consciousness would be misleading since it was not a "false consciousness" which the proletariat could come to understand when "bourgeois truth" was unmasked (or "demystified", another cant word) in the objective unfolding of world history; and *reflexion*, or the idea that relations between men become reduced to a relation between things—a theme that had already been expressed by Simmel, in 1900, in his *Philosophie des Geldes*. Lukács's most acclaimed work of literary criticism was *The Theory of the Novel*, which was quite wrong about Walter Scott, and ends up hailing as the two most important novelists of the time, Heinrich Mann and Lion Feuchtwanger, for their "progressive" (i.e. Stalinist apologetic) point of view.

Neglected (rather than "the most underrated") was the Jewish-Bornkenu. He was the most brilliant member of the so-called "Frankfurt School" of sociology, but broke bitterly with them (on political and personal

grounds, so that in almost all subsequent references to the School his name was either erased or unknown. Bornkenu's book *Der Übergang vom Feudalismus zum bürgerlichen Weltbild* (1931) was a pioneering study of the social and material influences on the development of science and being introduced, appearing in German, in Paris, was mined copiously, often without credit, by, among others, Lucien Goldmann, as *George Lichtheim* angrily pointed out. His *The Communist International* (1938) is still the best book on the early history of the Comintern and a necessary one for the study of contemporary communism. His *Spanish Cockpit* was a brilliant study of the Spanish Civil War, in which he invoked a combination of topographical and cultural factors to explain the social divisions in the society. Bornkenu's most interesting writings, however, were on culture; they appeared most often in the *Twentieth Century*, and have never been collected in book form.

A. J. P. Taylor

Overrated: Arnold Toynbee's *Study of History*, which is neither history nor a study, but vast miscellany of information, much like Burton's *Autobiography of Melchior* though not so funny. The most underrated book is the Authorized Version of the Bible, once the foundation of English prose, now never read in schools and rarely in churches. If all knowledge of the AV is lost much of classic English literature will be incomprehensible and English prose style is doomed.

J. K. Galbraith

Overrated: George Orwell.
Underrated: Ring Lardner, who wrote brilliantly on the United States and was ignored because he was a former sports writer. I would also like to mention John O'Hara's *Appointment in Samarra* which was as good as Fitzgerald.

Anthony Burgess

The most overrated French writer is André Gide, German writer—Hermann Hesse, British writer—E. M. Forster, Forster's reputation was promoted by Montgomery, against whose judgments few dared to fight. His sparseness of output (which some might construe as creative potency of a low order) contributed to his high repute. When a man writes little he is read entire, and this factor the reader and makes him complement self-esteem with esteem. The most underrated British writer continues to be Ford Madox Ford, despite the Bodley Head's keeping his major works alive (though *Parade's End* is defensible). The most underrated American is Conrad Aiken. In another seventy-five years (perhaps much less) Solzhenitsyn, Leites, Murdoch, Kundera and Saul Bellow will be seen to have been excessively esteemed.

Thomas Balogh

Underrated: Michael Kulecki—the economist who initiated New Economics before Keynes and is now only recognized by a few.
Overrated: Michael Arlen—he identified with the essential nobility of the British as only a foreigner could.

P. T. Geach

The merits of Whitehead and Russell's *Principia Mathematica* are well known; but a number of extremely bad precedents. There is constant confusion between sign and thing signified, to such an extent that there are long expository passages, e.g. about propositional functions, of which it is not possible to say simply cannot make sense. The theory of definite descriptions is here mired by a bad, formally objectionable, notation and by muddled talk about "fiction" as a "narrated" and "muddled" and all, being propagated, and the theory is now unjustly deprecated. The set-theoretical doctrine of types is presented in an unholy mixture with the theory of metalinguistics.

When John Neville Keynes wrote logic in England he was a sorry state of those who were held to be

leading authorities, such men as Wolf, Brannan, and Rant, were abysmally ignorant of formal logic and put forward the most preposterous theses. Keynes met this situation by extreme courtesy in controversy and by sowing the seed of sound doctrine. It is a great pity that now his book, *Studies and Exercises in Formal Logic*, is as little read as his opponents'; the result has been that on various topics his work has had to be done again, and moreover, even against which he have provided a remedy have been repeated. But I think we largely owe it to Keynes that verbiage twaddle does not so easily pass for logic in our day as it did in his.

M. I. Finley

Overrated: Arnold Toynbee, not the Toynbee of Chatham House reports or the Toynbee of *Some Problems in Greek History*, but Toynbee, the universal civilisation, and "philosophy of civilisation".

Underrated: Franz Boas, the giant among the founders of modern anthropology, swept aside in this country by two successive waves of fashion, functionalism and then structuralism, so that he is not merely underrated, he is unread.

D. J. Enright

Underrated (or not rated at all): *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh* by Franz Werfel.
Overrated (if still rated at all): *The Song of Bernadette* by Franz Werfel.

Underrated (in comparison with the following): *Doctor Faustus* by Thomas Mann.
Overrated (in comparison with the foregoing): *Death in Venice* by Thomas Mann.

Underrated novels: *The Near and the Far* by L. H. Myers; *The Confessions of Zeno* by Italo Svevo; *Tobit Transplanted* by Stella Benson; *All About H. Hatterrill* by H. H. Hatterrill; *Picture from an Institution* by Randall Jarrell.

Underrated authors: R. K. Narayan, Sieve Smith, Earle Birney, Anthony Meehan, Alfred Bester, John Boyd, Bob Shaw, Richard Cowper and several other science fiction writers.

Overrated authors: Samuel Beckett; William Burroughs; Pam Ayres and others...

David Hockney

Overrated: the Bible.

Bob Dylan

Overrated and underrated: the Bible.

Rodney Needham

Overrated: *Les Structures Élémentaires de la Parenté*, by Claude Lévi-Strauss, and *The Art of Marriage Maintenance*, by Robert Pirsig.
Underrated: *Les Fonctions Mentales des Sociétés Inférieures*, by Lucien Lévy-Bruhl, and *Tarzan of the Apes*, by Edgar Rice Burroughs.

Eugene Genovese

To Claude Lévi-Strauss belongs the honour of producing the most influential books in the celebrated category of "the true is not new and the new is not true". Every scientific historian and "social scientist" has been, in some sense, been a structuralist, but it took M. Lévi-Strauss to convince intellectuals that a Higher Truth had been discovered. Still, his claims do not go unchallenged. The Frankfurt School, with its grandiose and anathemas on those insufficiently "critical", deserves honorary mention.

As for the underrated, the works of W. E. B. Dubois—probably the greatest American of his century—require international attention. His *Souls of Black Folk* alone could educate world opinion on the depth and meaning of the Afro-American contribution to modern civilisation. And at the other end of the ideological spectrum, Eric Voegelin's multi-volume *Order and History* presents a learned if irritating reading of our past.

The most overrated works of this epoch are, I believe, those of Sigmond Freud, "overrated" to be understood in a particular or, perhaps, strictly literal sense. His intellectual power, moral courage, and incisive imagination are not in doubt, nor is the historical effect—no always salutary—of his teaching; but his genius was more seriously limited than he himself or his disciples realised. What purported to be an interpretation of the psyche, applied merely to souls cast in the mould of a certain period in history: the Victorian and post-Victorian age. Hence the questionable nature of his, or any, interpretation of the psyche, applied merely to souls cast in the mould of a certain period in history: the Victorian and post-Victorian age. Hence the questionable nature of his, or any, interpretation of the psyche, applied merely to souls cast in the mould of a certain period in history: the Victorian and post-Victorian age.

Michael Dummett

Overrated: C. P. Snow's *The Masters*.
Underrated (in this country): Ralph Ellison's *The Invisible Man*.

Joseph Needham

Overrated: Count Keyserling, who travelled all over the world and wrote *The Travel Diary of a Philosopher* (1925), a comparative study of civilisation; it was at one time famous, but I saw it, superficial. This was definitely overrated compared, say, with G. Lowes Dickinson's *Appearances, being notes of travel*. Also perhaps overrated is Ortega y Gasset for his *Revue de la Masse* and other books. Both Keyserling and Ortega y Gasset were both rather what our American friends would call "generalists".

Underrated: *Cycles of Taste and The History of Taste* by Frank P. Chambers, who was Professor of Architecture at McGill. He argued that history was entirely divided into "dark ages", when people were creative but life horrid, alternating with "decadent periods", when life was much more comfortable but people could only criticize. The argument was specifically developed from art and architecture but is, I think, applicable more widely to Europe, though not to China.

Dan Jacobson

Overrated: either Ezra Pound's *Cantos* or Virginia Woolf's novels.
Underrated: H. G. Wells's novel *Tono-Bungay*.

Eric Hobsbawm

Underrated: Anatole France; Jean Giraudoux; Italo Calvino.
Overrated: André Gide; Ezra Pound; almost any contemporary United States novelist who gets into college syllabuses.

R. D. Laing

Underrated: Leo Shestov's *In Job's Balances*—one of the great books of the century.

Lord David Cecil

Underrated: Barbara Pym, whose unpretentious, subtle, accomplished novels, especially

To the Editor

'Psychology and the Image of Man'

Sir—I appreciate your word from R. P. Skinner that behaviourism is not dead (Letters, January 14), that it is flourishing in remedial work on inmates of prisons and on institutionalized psychotics. It may well be that the "management of contingencies" in these highly controlled environments helps the unfortunate human beings involved—although the evidence is anything but clear. It is interesting that Professor Skinner should emphasize this work, for it is done in the only kind of setting in which one would begin to have enough control of the behaviour of another human being to apply the principles of behaviour originally adduced by Professor Skinner in his studies of pigeons. At this, his birds could only be shaped by incarcerating them in a chamber where no environmental events other than the "experimenter's managed contingencies" could impinge.

As for the "resistance to change" to behaviourism in educational institutions, there was a period of enormous enthusiasm for and investment in "programmed instruction" in the schools of America and Britain a decade ago. The bubble soon burst. For the fact of the matter was, and is, that getting somebody to learn a complex subject requires more than simply being there with a quick and well-managed reinforcement. It requires that the learner understand. Indeed, the "wind of change" to which I referred—the new emphasis on the structure-sensitive, self-discovering ways of learning—has transformed the teaching of mathematics, science, and the human sciences all over the world. This has been accomplished by being mindful of meaningful ways of presenting information so that it can be used by the learner to recognize new instances, to generate new concepts, to go beyond the information given. Obviously, "contingent reinforcement" helps. When students of natural or artificial intelligence would want to ban feedback! But its role is most often as a clue for organizing information into usable knowledge.

How curious the final lines in Professor Skinner's letter. Surely he didn't expect to see me on his side of the lines at Arques, brave burgh IV.

JEROME BRUNER,
Department of Experimental Psychology, The University of Oxford.

Nabokov's 'Onegin'

Sir—I know no Russian and cannot tell if Henry Gifford (January 7) and other critics are right in saying that Nabokov's *Onegin* is "fascinating and unacceptable". The impression it makes on me is of fascinating eccentricity. I think Nabokov has perhaps done the opposite of what he intended. A remarkable original English (American?) poem flickers and glows behind his weird pre-World War II words—an unsought reward for his breathless research to be accurate.

ROBERT LOWELL,
Milgate Park, Maidstone, Kent.

Industrial Archaeology

Sir—I would not disagree with Richard Storey (Letters, January 14) that historians and archaeologists should be interested in past industries or individual localities. My dissatisfaction with industrial archaeology lies in its failure to draw general conclusions from local case-studies, so that only the latter are available for inclusion in the new *JA Review* instead of the broader discussions of wider issues that are the normal contents of national archaeological journals. Local articles should appear in local publications.

PHILIP RIDEN,
University of Exeter.

Private Presses

Sir—For reasons of fun or effect, your reviewer, reporting on the Private Presses Exhibition at the Swiss Cottage Library in London (December 31, 1976), stated that Poet & Printer exists to publish the work of Peter Redgrove.

This is wrong on a point of fact and is unjust both to this press, which has published more than a score of other poets since 1965, and more so to Peter Redgrove, who was in fact entranced by me to produce the four manuscripts which eventually appeared in print under this imprint.

ALAN TARLING,
Poet & Printer, 30 Grimsdyke Road, Hatch End, Middlesex.

Brecht

Sir—It was a pleasure to find, many months after my book on Brecht appeared, that the *TLS* reviewer (December 31, 1976) was first to take note that I provoke the reader into being critical about Brecht's theories and plays. I was also glad Professor Pascal could welcome my book as offering "observations, judgments and critical conclusions that are continuously worth considering". Up till now, no reviewer has brought these criticisms to notice, let alone argued about them.

But if there is still a chance of serious debate on the issues Brecht raises I must disavow the ridiculous notions Professor Pascal saddles me with, in the course of demonstrating my hypercritical attitude. I do not hold the comfortable opinion that the applications of science are no responsibility of the scientist—they are as much his as any other man's. Galileo, however, in an undramatic, longwinded speech, accuses himself of not having worked for the alteration of toil, and suggests that doing pure research is irresponsible. This, I argued, ignored the obvious fact that there is no telling when pure research is going to have practical application or whether they will be peaceful or warlike. The inventor of iron supplied material for saws as well as ploughshares. The point seemed to me too obvious to labour, but it seems Galileo's naïveté need not be expounded more than I supposed.

Roy Pascal thinks he can open my eyes about *The Measures Taken* by pointing out "the main fact that the Young Comrade is condemned".

not for feeling pity, but for carrying out actions that do not promote revolutionary consciousness". (Would that make shouting him all right?) I was well aware that this is the reason for the execution given to us by the middle-headed "Kontrollchor". My own point was that if you look closer you see that the Young Comrade in fact carried out the actions prescribed by the Party, but they were a failure. (The "Kontrollchor" does not spot this.) A much more serious point, though, was that the decision to execute rather than help the Young Comrade to escape is based on the film-fable of pretexts, and that Brecht was clearly not interested in the reasons. *The Measures Taken* is Brecht at his most contrivedly inhuman. I should like to see that point generally acknowledged.

My argument about the deaths of Mother Courage's children, that they need not have been caused by commercial greed, was not a statement of the effect that they might have had of chickenpox. Mother Courage is supposed, on Brecht's authority, to show the causes of war; this crude Marxism is supported or symplified by three unconvincing examples: each time Mother Courage loses a child she is involved in a commercial transaction, which is actually told at one point that greed has caused her to lose her daughter.

Brecht builds his play round these three deaths to show how commerce is always involved, and the point of my objection was that this says nothing about the causes of the Thirty Years' War or any other war. The scope of the play is too small for that. Mother Courage can say no more about this than a play

about a Naafi girl serving in Belfast could tell us about the causes of the civil war in Ireland. Brecht's claim to have shown the causes by "reith merkwürig" is preposterous.

I am grateful all the same to Pascal for his generous praise, as for the remark "there has been too much unrestrained and unbridled acceptance of (Brecht's) method and dazzling skills". I have to say with regret that the skills seem to have kept some of their mesmerizing power. I wish they could have been used also on the primer volume from the review pointed out, spoiled, despite translations and annotations, by not knowing his German point. But they have done more than any printer's device could, in persuading Brechtians to adopt Brecht's clichés.

RONALD GRAY,
Emmanuel College, Cambridge, CB2 3AP.

W. B. Yeats

Sir—The first two sentences of Helen Vendler's review (January 14) of W. B. Yeats: *Uncollected Prose*, Volume 2, are misleading in that they suggest that there has been change of publisher from Volume 1. In fact both volumes are published here by ourselves and in the United States by Columbia University Press.

T. M. FARMILOE,
The Macmillan Press Ltd, 4 Little Essex Street, London WC2R 3LF.

Unity Mitford

Sir—David Pryce-Jones still fails to produce the source of the quotation supplied in his book. It is the only publication within my knowledge where the word "advise" appears instead of the word "misage". There are other subjects of comment, but it is now unnecessary to comment further.

OSWALD MOSLEY,
1 Rue des Lacs, Grisy 91400 France.

Bryusov's 'The Fiery Angel'

Sir—In connection with the recent reprint by our firm, Neville Spearman, of the English text of Valery Bryusov's *The Fiery Angel*, translated by Ivor Montagu and with late Sergei Nefandov (TLS, July 2, 1976), and first published by Humphrey Toulmin at the Corgi Press in 1930, we regret that, owing to an oversight, this reprint appeared without consent of the holder of the copyright of this translation, Ivor Montagu and Mrs Grace Nefandova.

We are happy to state that the holder has now been reacquainted with the matter.

NEVILLE ARMSTRONG,
Neville Spearman, The Priory Gate, 57 Friars Street, Sudbury, Suffolk.

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'The Death of Venice'

Sir—The review of Stephen Fay and Phillip Knightley's *The Death of Venice* (December 17, 1976), accurate and perceptive in many respects, demonstrates as well the sad fact that information passed along from person to person can lose much of its accuracy and sometimes even its actual truthfulness. As an example, and a straightening of the record, may I pull one item of misinformation back to the truth?

The restoration of the church of the Gesuiti was undertaken by Savu Venice Inc after it had been declared by Unesco and the Superintendency of Monuments here as particularly important and threatened building in the city. The firm of engineers engaged for it had a long, distinguished, and fully staffed factory record of successful restoration; the cloister of Saint Apollonia (now given up as hopeless) the cathedral at Aquileia, Concordia, and Murano.

After their careful diagnosis and approval by the Superintendent of Monuments, work was begun, and was already well under way when Mr. Mazzoni, a marine engineer, willing to begin volunteer work at the Naval Museum here, offered to prepare an account of the unusual restoration needed by the church. He spent far more time than such a project would ordinarily require, and submitted a long report, containing no disagreements with the procedures of the engineers.

Some weeks after this had been accepted, he sent a letter questioning the reinforcement planned for the underpinning of the four main piers (not columns) by the heavy baldacchino. This was forwarded to the engineers. Perhaps because of his limited Italian and their non-existent English, he had not been aware of their plan for these piers, which had been calculated from the beginning, and were more than adequate for enduring support.

The work was carried out precisely as planned—after the criticism had been carefully checked and rejected—and the funds, as planned, were entirely sufficient, contrary to both claims in your review. The work has now been fully completed (paid for in full), and has been reviewed, checked, and approved by our structural (not marine) engineers for the Superintendency. The dome, as so often calculated, has set Venice a quiver since May have opened no cracks, nor budged anything as much as an inch. No knowledgeable authority—so far as is known—has been less than enthusiastic about the results of the difficult two-year restoration.

JOHN MCANDREW,
(Chairman of the Board of Directors of Save Venice Inc)
Hotel Europa, Venice.

John Webster

Sir—Mary Edmund (December 24, 1976) deserves our thanks for making so many valuable additions to the little that has been known about the life of John Webster. The wills and other evidence she has found show that the dramatist's parents were John and Elizabeth Webster of St Sepulchre's without Newgate, that his wife was Sara, and that his children were John, Elizabeth, Sara, and others. She can add a few clues which I hope Mary Edmund will follow up.

The register of St Dunstons in the West records that "John the sonne of John Webster of St Pulchers was baptizd out of Simon Penials sadler on May 8 1606. Simon and Sarah the wife, who married there in 1584, may possibly have been the child's grandparents, just as Bulstrode Whitelocke's sister "Cissill" or Cicely was baptized there in 1607/8 "out of the house of Mr. Bulstrode, which I have searched at the church in the 1930s, are now Guildhall MSS 10,342-3.

Mary Edmund quotes the will of Thomas Andrew, who in 1614 left bequests to "John Webster thelder" and "John Webster the younger", and "John Webster his wife, who is to be interested to know whether this was the Thomas Andrew who wrote *The Unnatural Death of a Feminine*

Machiavelli (1604), a poem on the adventures of "Haplesse Andrew" at the battle of Nieuport and in England, with verses to the author by Samuel Rowlands and others (DNB; Chetham Soc. 52.41-4). P. H. Williams, *Index to Dedications and Commendatory Verses*, lists sons of Thomas Andrew in Drayton, *Moscos in a Map of his Miracles* (1604), and in Rowlands, *A Theater of Delightful Recreation* (1605).

Webster's father, Mary Edmund concludes, became free of the Merchant Tailors in 1590/1. The register of St Giles without Cripplegate shows that a John Webster married Elizabeth Coates, there on November 4, 1577 (Guildhall MSS 6418, 6419/1). John Webster, merchant tailor, is associated with the Coates or Coates family in several records: John Webster, citizen and merchant tailor, bound himself in recognizances for money due to the orphans of Thomas Coates, blacksmith, one of whom signed his name "Thomas Coates" when he received his portion (Registry 19, 494; Journal 21, 3; Letter Book 2, 11, City Records Office); and John Webster, merchant tailor, in 1582/3 that Alexander Coates would appear at the next Middlesex sessions (Middlesex Sessions Roll 241/9).

Other John Websters in Cripplegate can be dismissed, because a John who married Joyce Rushe in 1586 is called "John Webster in labor" when she was buried in 1590 (see Lucas's edition of *The Duchess of Malfi*, 1958) is called John Webster, brickmaker, when she was buried in 1593. "Sara, daughter of John Webster, husband in 1582/3 that Alexander Coates would appear at the next Middlesex sessions (Middlesex Sessions Roll 241/9).

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Seventy-five years on...

We print below extracts from reviews that appeared in the *TLS* in its first year of publication

THE GRASSY BARNYON HOTEL

A Royal personage in two among the dramatists of a story are sure to give it piquancy; but, if they are European, their introduction is apt to suggest the roman à clef. To advance this difficulty the novel has been fortunate enough to discover the German principalities. Mr. Anthony Hope was one of the first explorers in this field, and he has had so many followers that the assiduous novel-reader doubtless regards these quiet little German States as hotbeds of international intrigue. This is no doubt unfair, but what are novelists, in an exhausted world, to do?

January 24

THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES

Sherlock Holmes is cast by nature for the hero of short stories, not of so long a tale, and here we have almost too much of the innocent Watson. Doubtless Mr. Holmes, in his last case, left behind him a series of studies of historical police cases. He must have given the results of his reflections on the Overbury case, on the disappearance of Mr. Balthazar, on the "Camden Wonder", on Elizabeth Canning's mystery, on the suicide (?) of the Earl of Essex, perhaps on the true inwardness of the Man in the Iron Mask. If these essays are, as we doubt not, among Mr. Holmes's literary remains, Mr. Watson would oblige the world by publishing the results of his friend's researches. In the present legend the author is rather handicapped by the difficulty of dealing with a dog, even if "as large as a small lioness".

April 11

THE VALLEY OF DECISION

No one could have read *A Gift from the Grove* without feeling that the author was an artist in character, and *Crucial Instances* proved that she was an artist in poetic landscape also. Mrs. Wharton has now given us a volume which, with questionable taste, she has chosen to call *The Valley of Decision*. (Is it not time to protest against the ever-growing tendency to tear a text into fragments and label a novel with one of them?) But the promise of earlier work is more than fulfilled in *The Valley of Decision*. The style is raised and chastened. It is as if a singer with a beautiful voice but an uncertain ear had trained herself at last to sing dead in tune. If there is little scope for humour in the picture of decadent Italy that she draws, there is room and to spare for her exquisite sense of beauty, and she sets her fleshing descriptions like gems upon that woman country.

April 25

THE VARIETIES OF RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE

Professor James speaks as a man to men about questions which they are vitally interested in, and, as he has something fresh to say, his book is certain to reach a wide audience and to be keenly discussed. The exploration of the subconscious life has been one of the chief preoccupations of the psychologists of our day, and the fact of the existence of such a region underlying and enveloping the individual's explicit conscious experience at any moment is generally admitted. Now the forces unconsciously incubated in the psychological way of explaining phenomena like those of sudden conversion which theology interprets as the direct supernatural operation of the Deity. But it is Professor James's suggestion that the two explanations are not necessarily inconsistent. "We have in the fact that the conscious person is conscious with a wider self through which saving experiences come a positive content of religious experience which, it seems to me, is literally and objectively true as far as it goes." We are conscious with an unseen world whose reality is vouched for by the effects it produces in this world. The religious interpretation of the Power thus revealed: as God is neither illegitimate nor unreasonable, and who is not a "superstition" or "overbelief" of different theological systems the unequivocal testimony of religion is simply to the fact "that we can experience union with something larger than ourselves, and in this union find our greatest peace".

July 25

THE WINGS OF THE DAVE

Mr. Henry James is to be congratulated. It is a long time since modern English fiction has presented us with a book which is so essentially a book: a thing conceived, carried out, and finished in one premeditated strain; with unbroken literary purpose and serious, unflinching literary skill. *The Wings of the Dove* is an extraordinarily interesting performance. We know nothing of Mr. James's to compute with it in fullness of intention, and close, elaborate workmanship. But *The Wings of the Dove* is, possibly, *Roderick Hudson*, and in neither of these works do we find the same element of grave and penetrating tenderness... but it is not an easy book to read. It will not do for short railway journeys or for drowsy hammocks, or even to induce sport and the active Young Person. The dense, fine quality of its pages—and there are 576—will always presuppose a certain effort of attention on the part of the reader; who must, indeed, be prepared to forget many of his customary trillations and trifles. Mr. James's novels are often accused of lacking the supreme authority of an overwhelming emotion. But they are not alone in that. And what the average reader misses in them is far more a familiarity, a sense of good-fellowship, and a common attitude towards life. Mr. James, so to speak, never buttonholes his public; he does not even take it by the arm. There is something of the classic in his sense of aloofness, his detachment from his reader; and the pampered modern reader is apt to call the attitude inhuman.

October 3

YOUTH

Telling tales, just spinning yarns, has gone out of fashion since the novel has become an epitome of everything a man has to say about anything. The three stories in *Youth* by Joseph Conrad are in this reference a return to an earlier taste. The yarns are of the sea, told with an astonishing zest; and given with vivid accumulation of detail and literary persistence of emphasis on the quality of character and scenery. The method is exactly the opposite of Mr. Kipling's. It is a little precious; one notes a tautology of the quality of phrases and an occasional indulgence in poetic rhetoric. But the effect is not unlike Mr. Kipling's. In the first story, "Youth", the colour, the atmosphere of the East is brought out as in a picture. The concluding scene of the "Heart of Darkness" is crisp and brief enough for Flaubert, but the effect—a woman's ecstatic belief in a villain's heroism—is reached by an indulgence in the picturesque horror of the villain, his work and his surroundings, which is pitiless in its insistence, and quite extravagant according to the canons of art. But the power, the success in conveying the impression vividly, without loss of energy is undoubted and is refreshing. "The End of the Tether", the last of the three, is the longest and best. . . . There are many readers who would not get beyond the barren and not very pretty philosophy of "Youth"; more who might feel they had had enough horror at the end of "Heart of Darkness". But they would miss a great deal if they did not reach "The End of the Tether". It has this further advantage over the other two tales, that it is much less clever, much less precious.

December 12

The Athlone Press congratulates

The Times Literary Supplement on completing 75 years of publication

Some recent and forthcoming titles in literature

Victorian Novelists and Publishers

J. A. SUTHERLAND

'packed with new information and ideas.'—Asa Briggs, *Spectator*

USA & CANADA: University of Chicago Press

Sylvia Plath: Poetry and Existence

DAVID HOLBROOK

The Advantage of Lyric

Essays on Feeling in Poetry

BARBARA HARDY

USA & CANADA: Indiana University Press

The Literary Criticism of T. S. Eliot

New Essays, collected and edited by

DAVID NEWTON-DE MOLINA

Essays by: E. W. Bateson, Denis Donoghue, Graham Hough, Samuel Hynes, R. Peacock, William R. Inge, W. W. Robson, Roger Sharrock, and G. K. Stead

Homosexuality and Literature 1890-1930

JEFFREY MEYERS

USA & CANADA: McGill-Queen's University Press

The Athlone Press

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

ARCHITECTURE

KTO Press - Just published
BIBLIOGRAPHIE ZUR ARCHITEKTUR IM 19. JAHRHUNDERT.
Die Aufträge in den deutschsprachigen Architekturzettelschriften 1789-1916.
Compiled by Vorena Hase, Edited by Siegfried Watzold.
8 vols. Nendeln, 1976. clothbound Sfr. 912.00

KTO Press - Just off press
BAUHAUS.
Zeitschrift für Bau und Gestaltung. Yrs. 1-4 (all publ.). Dessau, 1926-28.
Facsimile edition in original format, cloth and leather, in protective slipcase.
Sfr. 246.00

KTO Press - Just off press
KUNSTGEWERBE UND ARCHITEKTUR.
1 vol. Bonn, 1907.
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1 vol. Bonn, 1907.
KUNSTGEWERBE UND ARCHITEKTUR.
1 vol. Bonn, 1907.

Internecine interlude

By Maurice Ashley

RICHARD OLLARD:
This War without an Enemy
224pp. Hodder and Stoughton, £6.95.

JOHN GILLINGHAM:
Cromwell
Portrait of a Soldier
149pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson, £5.25.

Richard Ollard has been exceptionally lucky with the boldness of the publisher of his book on the civil wars. *This War without an Enemy* is beautifully produced with a good ration of colour and except for one or two portraits, those of Prince Rupert and John Pym for example, the pictures selected are much less hackneyed than in the case when they are mainly dragged out of a publisher's archives. He has been fortunate too in receiving the advice of Sir Oliver Millar, one of the two outstanding authorities on seventeenth-century portraiture.

Turning to the text, one realises that on a huge subject like this, about which so many books have already been written, the author's own approach is bound to vary. Mr Ollard, for instance, outlines the origins of the wars in a somewhat perfunctory way, has nothing much new to say about the big battles and eschews any kind of bibliography. On the other hand, his writing is lively and personal, his narrative strength lies in descriptions of the characters involved, such as Colonel William Goffe, and he includes a first-class chapter on the impact of the civil wars on English society. He reminds us of the hardships imposed on the civilian population by two large armies tramping all over England, Scotland and Ireland insisting on "free quarters" and piling up debts. But of course these countries were better off than those of the French, Russians, Chinese and other nations in later and bloodier civil wars.

Mr Ollard does not find in the English civil wars any traces of a class war as several well-known English historians have done. However, he believes that John Pym, leader of the opposition to Charles I's government, thought that the conflict was "inevitable", though Pym is generally regarded as a moderate who hoped that negotiations would succeed. He writes about the "criminal carelessness" of George Goring at the battle of Lostwithiel, though Brigadier Young has demonstrated that the escape of the Parliamentarian cavalry from being surrounded was not Goring's fault. He speaks of Prince Rupert as a warmonger determined to prevent any chance of peace. Still, whatever Rupert's attitude may have been to begin with—and, after all, he had been enlisted by the king as a youthful and relatively inexperienced officer to fight rebels—in the end he strongly pressed his uncle to conclude peace at any price. Finally, a minor criticism: Mr Ollard refers to George Digby throughout as the Earl of Bristol, when his father, the first Earl, played a prominent part in the wars and did not die until 1653?

In his last chapter Mr Ollard reminds his readers that posterity has invariably taken sides in the civil wars, being to their own tastes, beliefs or sympathies. Indeed these battles long ago have been fought again ad nauseam. For himself Mr Ollard appears to be a Cavalier, or at least has his knife into Cromwell. He denies him credit for the Self-Denying Ordinance, "a dazzling stroke . . . too dazzling for Cromwell's large and awkward mind", yet he follows Christopher Hill in arguing that this "large and awkward mind" was capable of engineering a Machiavellian plot to remove Charles I to escape from Hampton Court to the Isle of Wight, presumably with the connivance of the King's companions in the escape, Ashburnham and Berkeley. Yet the idea of going to the Isle of Wight originated with Charles himself.

self, after he had to abandon a plan to sail to Jersey. Mr Ollard also writes that in the summer of 1648 when parliamentary commissioners were negotiating with the king in the Isle of Wight, "if a settlement were to be reached before Cromwell re-appeared on the scene there was no time to lose". Yet Professor Underdown (in his *Pride's Purge*) has argued convincingly that as late as December Cromwell had not resolved to give up all hopes of a settlement with the king and had been prepared, like his superior officer, General Fairfax, to accept a compromise.

Naturally Mr Ollard says that there can be "no defence" for the brutalities committed by Cromwell from S. R. Gardiner onwards have found a defence and Cromwell himself wrote that such actions unless they were military necessities were a cause for remorse and regret. For good measure Mr Ollard observes of Cromwell's incredibly 1650 that he had let himself be "trapped with his back to the sea", but how could he have been trapped when his land campaign had been supported throughout by the Commonwealth navy, a decisive factor since the Scots had no fleet?

One can well understand the popular appeal of this excellently illustrated book. It is much more difficult to appreciate why John Gillingham's *Cromwell* was published at all. It is very short, unoriginal, illustrated with some hackneyed black-and-white illustrations lumped together, and the author, with many eclectic interests, is obviously familiar with seventeenth-century history as Mr Ollard is. To live it up he resuscitates one or two stories about Cromwell which no proof exists, as he admits. In his first chapter he claims that his is the first serious study of Cromwell as a soldier since 1899. Certainly, following the valuable researches of Brigadier Peter Young, Austin Woolrych and other modern experts there is room for such a book; but this is not it.

Cambrian rambles

By P. T. J. Morgan

DONALD MOORE (Editor):
Wales in the Eighteenth Century
181pp. Swanson: Christopher Davies, £3.95.

When I came across a book some years ago with the startling title *Out with the Cambrians* I thought it must be the Little Englanders' backlash, but discovered inside an account of the rambles of the Cambrian Archaeological Association. *Wales in the Eighteenth Century* is a series of lectures given fairly recently to the association at Swansea, and reflects the interests of the members in landscape, town and country houses, and early industrial revolution, for they have long taken a very broad view of archaeology. Some of these studies cover the century as a whole, those of P. D. G. Thomas and Francis Jones on the world of the Welsh gentry, of Harold Carter on the fate of the little Welsh towns in the period, or of R. C. Roberts on industrial development in South Wales. Other studies are more restricted in their field if not their period, such as those by J. Geraint Jenkins on the changes in the native woollen industry, or by Donald Moore (the editor) on changing appreciation of Welsh landscape on the part of the romantic travellers. Another group of studies are much more concentrated, those by Bernard Morris on the rebuilding of farmhouses in the Gower peninsula during the century, by Patricia Moore on the splendid late eighteenth-century architecture at Penrice and Margam, and by Mervyn Hughes of Telford's engineering work in north Wales in the early nineteenth century. The title of the collection should more accurately read "Some Aspects of Eighteenth-Century Wales", for many of the significant movements of the century, such as

Welsh Methodism, are not mentioned. Some forty years ago L. T. Davies and Averil Edwards published a book on eighteenth-century Welsh life, which was in many ways very similar to this volume but the detailed research done by the authors in this volume leaves much surer grasp of their material than was possible for their predecessors. It is an interesting comment on itself, that in discussing the country's history they now turn to culture, religion, education, literature, and politics, but also to portraits, sketches and colours. A similar operation was carried out by the association on the seventeenth century for it is much more truly "forgotten century in Welsh history than the eighteenth."

The journal of the association, *Archaeologia Cambrensis*, will go strong after a century and a quarter. *Wales in the Eighteenth Century* differs in intention from extremely detailed and last work of that journal, and it betokens a change of heart among the present generation of Welsh historians that too much of their country's history is locked in learned journals, while too little has been opened in an attractive way for the general reading public. Each of the studies is based on detailed original research and the lavishly illustrated, is written for a general reader. Contrary to a commonly held belief in England about the Celts, the Welsh have a very firm grasp of their own history, and in the past three or four generations the history of the children of Gomer. Societies such as the Cymmrodorion and the Cambrian have long laboured to remedy this fault. If I could edit the title of the chronicle of the open air rambles as a subtitle to this book I would call it "Up with the Cambrians", and add an exclamation mark as a cheer.

The light of tolerance

By Elizabeth Monroe

PETER MANSFIELD:
The Arabs
572pp. Allen Lane, £8.50.

The Arab Empire, like the British, was often troubled by dissension, going back to the revolt of the Kharijites or secessionists in 656 against the fourth caliph, and to the great schism between Sunni and Shia that followed. Through the centuries, splits and strife continued in a long procession until, in 1958, a union of Egypt and Syria was proclaimed, and heralded as the beginning of practical action. But this union lasted only three years. Since then, attempts to federate or even to establish a joint command against Israel have not lasted. As Peter Mansfield says in *The Arabs*:

If for example the decisions of the Council of the League reached by a two-thirds majority were to be made binding on all its members as has been suggested, the League would probably fall apart under the strain.

So would the British Commonwealth if similarly tested.

One of the well-founded claims in favour of the Arabs that Mr Mansfield makes all through his book is that they have survived as a conceptual entity because of their tolerance. The Arab tribal aristocracy that launched the golden age of expansion in the seventh century soon grew thin on the ground. It lost its tribal solidarity through intermarriage with converts to Islam, so that the word Arab—originally and sometimes still meaning a desert-dweller—came also to mean people more than half-Spanish or half-Circassian, and therefore ready to accept other points of view than their own.

Heretics in Islam have been condemned by the orthodox but they have rarely been persecuted and still more rarely have they been burnt at the stake. . . . It [Islam] has had no reformation. Protes-

tant Christians often comfortably assume that this is what it lacks. But neither has there been an Islamic counter-reformation or incision.

This tolerance the Arabs passed on to the Ottomans, with their mixture of Islam and Christianity. The Ottomans, though authoritarian and deeply conservative, left Christians and Jews to manage themselves, provided that they were loyal and paid their taxes. The Ottoman sultanate even tolerated and patronized the unorthodox, including the Sufi. Only when the Young Turks, hard pressed by Christian revolt in the Balkans, started to try to Turkify the Arabs did Arab nationalism set in, witness the Moroccan attitude to Jews, and the Iraqi one to Jews who opted to retain Iraqi citizenship instead of joining in the mass exodus to Israel of 1950-51. Peter Mansfield sees in this tolerance a beacon that might light a way towards the "unity of mankind", because the Arabs could serve as a link between the Western world and the very different worlds of Asia and Africa.

He deals at length with the incursion of the Western powers into the Middle East, first triumphantly as traders under the wing of the Capitulations, and, from the occupation of Algeria in 1830 and Egypt in 1882 onwards, as self-interested imperialists, ultimately and finally to be humiliated at Suez in 1956. Unfortunately he does not pay the same due regard to attention to the tolerance. The Arab tribal aristocracy that launched the golden age of expansion in the seventh century soon grew thin on the ground. It lost its tribal solidarity through intermarriage with converts to Islam, so that the word Arab—originally and sometimes still meaning a desert-dweller—came also to mean people more than half-Spanish or half-Circassian, and therefore ready to accept other points of view than their own.

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its ultimate fate is the same as that of the Western powers—discomfiture. The Soviet Union is obliged to concur when Egypt turns out its experts; still today the Egyptians owe it huge sums: Syria will not do as it bids over Lebanon; Iran shuts down all its propaganda offices. Today, Arab states, and notably Egypt, blow hot and cold on the Soviet Union much as they do on the United States. To round off the book, the story of Soviet fingers burnt just as often as Britain's or America's should be told in full.

The oil section of the book is weaker than the rest. For instance, it does not record the role of the independent oil companies in hastening the end for the seven "majors". It was Libya that, in 1970, showed that by squeezing an independent at a time when the Suez Canal was closed and when it enjoyed the advantage of short haul to Europe, it could cause all the other companies with Libyan concessions to fall into line and pay a dictated price. Nor does the book sufficiently emphasize the role of the United States as principal consumer, and of Saudi Arabia as principal supplier, with reserves so much greater than anyone else's that they will last well into the twenty-first century. Up till now,

Saudi fear of the invention of the fuel substitutes by a resurgent West, and so of the depreciation in value of its long-term asset—oil in the ground—has been part of its reason for resisting OPEC efforts to raise the price of oil. This resistance has faltered, but does not alter the fact that, by adopting a high production policy or a conservation policy, Saudi Arabia acting alone, can lever the price of oil up and down at will and without reference to its fellow members of OPEC. It has not yet proved this power, but were it to use it less responsibly than now, it could play more havoc than Mr Mansfield estimates with the economy of the United States, where oil consumption is rising fast regardless of dependence on imports from the Middle East.

Apart from these two shortcomings, the book fulfils its purpose well. Mr Mansfield is one of the small band who resigned from the Foreign Service over the Suez crisis; since then he has been a journalist and has turned historian, chiefly of Egypt. Other books have been written with the title *The Arabs*, among them Jacques Barques's, E. C. Hodgkin's, Arnold Hottinger's and Bertram Thomas's, but none is so comprehensive as his,

The Answer

*It was with aesthetic satisfaction and
Intense moral relief that he began at last
To see a figure forming in the carpet.*

*'Excuse me sir', the carpet murmured faintly,
'I am gratified that you perceive a pattern,
But people continue to walk all over me.'*

And there it was, the figure in the carpet!

D. J. Enright



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By C. E. Bosworth

M. A. SHABAN:
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Volume 2: AD 750-1055 (Am 132-448)
221pp. Cambridge University Press.
£7.50.

A historian of Europe writing on the history of Western Christendom from the eighth to eleventh centuries is dealing with a period which still remains stamped on most minds as that of the 'Dark Ages' and their hardly less insipid aftermath; and life in the Europe of the Angles, Saxons, Carolingians, Ottonians, Western Slavs and Northern peoples was brutal enough, with only faint gleams of light shed by the bearers of Celtic and Roman Christian culture. Yet western Asia, and the shores of much of the Mediterranean basin, offered at this time a higher level of human achievement, and the student of Byzantine and Islamic culture during this period is accustomed to seeking about some of the highest glories of these two civilisations. Byzantium

Sufi survey

By Julian Baldick

ANNEMARIE SCHIMMEL:
Mystical Dimensions of Islam
506pp. University of North Carolina Press (Transatlantic Book Service). £10.46.

The subject of Annemarie Schimmel's *Mystical Dimensions of Islam* is Sufism, the principal tradition of Islamic mysticism. It represents the first extended survey of the mystic of modern scholarship in the field, and as a bibliographical guide (notably to the secondary literature) will prove invaluable to the student. The work is, none the less, primarily devoted to its attitude and content, and is written with a plain, direct and enthusiastic style which makes it suitable for a wider audience. It avoids historical and sociological analysis, and relies heavily upon extensive quotation from classical Persian poetry.

Whereas, however, a casual and random approach to this poetry would have found it forcefully provocative and outrageously uninhibited, the author's intensive efforts have succeeded in producing a corpus of quotations as edifying as they are harmless. Unfortunately, they often differ considerably from the texts translated. Thus lines by Rumi and Attar represented as referring to love, the beloved, food and the soul are found, when checked, to refer respectively to unity, the lover, power and the world. Usually these slips do not really matter, but the comparative tenacity of the fragments selected (like "To each us to pray") is increased by the frequency of the adaptation. In one case, Rumi's advice "If you become December you'll see the coming-out of Spring" (an admirable injunction for prolix translators) is expanded to: "Only when man becomes deprived of outward being like winter there is hope for a new spring to develop in him."

The historical survey of early Sufism which the book gives us devotes much space to reproducing the eulogistic strains of the hagiographical literature on which it is based, in a manner which might be mistaken for sentimentality. One feels that greater clarity in indicating the geographical location of different types of mysticism would have shown not only some patterns of development, but also a general indebtedness to non-Islamic influences, which the author is unwilling to admit. To count Afghanistan as part of Iran, or that the north-east of modern Iran becomes the north-west, will only confuse the reader (Professor Schimmel herself seems uncertain where to put Nishapur). A topographical blunder of a few hours' walk into a miraculous transportation of 4,500 kilometres, is, on the other hand, a good way of rewarding him for his endeavours.

under the Macedonian emperors became a resurgent and vigorous military and cultural organism, while the Swiss orientalist Adam Mez over half a century ago wrote a celebrated book, *The Renaissance of Islam*, expressing the view that Islamic civilisation, social and intellectual life was never so vigorous as in the tenth century, despite the political disintegration of the caliphate.

Since Edward Pococke in the mid-seventeenth century, Western historians have been examining the course of Islamic history in the first four centuries of the new faith's existence, yet much remains obscure; this is not for lack of written sources, which exist in profusion, but rather from their tendentious nature—from the partisan polemics and sectarian religious viewpoints of the authors. Furthermore, we largely lack supporting evidence from ancillary disciplines like archaeology and archival studies (numismatics being an exception here) which could fill out the picture for us, above all, for economic and social history. Hence it is good that a historian like M. A. Schimmel's enthusiasm should have subjected the sources to a fresh scrutiny. Volume 2 of *Islamic History* is a continuation of his 1971 book on the first Islamic period 600

to 750. It deals essentially with the central and eastern Islamic lands, those lying between Egypt and Afghanistan, and a further book is promised for Muslim Spain and North Africa, though the author cannot of course avoid touching on affairs in the Mawarrah when dealing with topics like the rise of the Fatimid caliphs.

What new ideas, then, does the author set forth in order to justify his challenging title? His book is basically political, dynastic and military history, and none the worse for that. But beneath the narrative and the analysis of events—the establishment of the Abbasid caliphate in Iraq on the ruins of the Syrian Umayyad caliphate, the attempts of the Abbasids to establish a permanent and viable system of government over their far-flung empire, their failure and the rise of provincial dynasties in effect independent of Baghdad—no discernible great social movements. First, there is the process of assimilation between the Arabs and the originally subject peoples, Berbers, Copts, Syrians, Persians, etc., and the tensions which arose in the empire when the assimilated Arabs found that their interests began to run counter to those of the caliphs and were approaching those of the non-Arabs (though the literary-

flower of the gardens of Shiraz, transparent as the air of that town, and fragrant as rose-oil distilled from the centuries-old tradition of love of the divine revealed in visible forms.

Finally, we are given a survey of Sufism in India and Pakistan. Here one may ask whether the author was altogether wise to base her view of the medieval period on the work of contemporary Muslim historians, who, admirable though in many ways they are, do not always show complete impartiality. Their moving evocations of their predecessors unworriedly and self-denyingly dedication to the service of God here find a sympathetic echo, but few scents of profanity are wafted on the breeze of suppression to the nostrils of disapproval.

To sum up, the book tells us that there is much in Sufi literature that is beautiful and wonderful. How are such effects achieved is presumably a divine mystery; this and many questions the answering of which could cause offence are left to await further research. By succeeding in upstaging no one, Professor Schimmel has certainly achieved a triumph of diplomacy.

But, after all, it is perfectly normal, in books about mysticism, to find texts rich in paradoxes quoted as expressing positions which they in fact reject in the same breath. Elsewhere, the author provides a counterweight to this interpretation by introducing Ibn 'Arabi's concept of the Perfect Man in the poetry of Rumi. She represents the latter as saying, "He who does not know the true shahid (the Perfect Man and qutb [the spiritual axis of the world of time]—is a kafir, an infidel" when the text just says, "Who is the infidel? One who ignores the faith of the shahid." But again it must be said that this is standard practice.

One long chapter is reserved for Persian and Turkish mystical poetry itself. Here the problems concerning the ambiguity and erotic character of the lyric poetry, and the Sufi tradition of "gazing at bearded boys", have obviously troubled the author considerably, and one can only praise her determination in devoting a large part of her life's work to studying material which she must have found distasteful. It is a pity that no erotic-mystical poetry is quoted, when so much is said on how it is to be understood, but doubtless this was the safest way of protecting the reader from forming his own impressions. The following sentence is a fine example of Professor Schimmel's style.

The subtle harmony and ultimate agreement between the different degrees of being, is best maintained in the spirituality of Rumi, whose verses are the perfect

flower of the gardens of Shiraz, transparent as the air of that town, and fragrant as rose-oil distilled from the centuries-old tradition of love of the divine revealed in visible forms.

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The full horizon

By Michael Richey

PETER KEMP (Editor):
The Oxford Companion to Ships and the Sea
971pp. Oxford University Press. £12.

A Companion, one must assume, is what you make it and the editor of this, on the whole admirable, compendium of nautical knowledge has wisely written his own rules. He has chosen a wider horizon than the great sea dictionaries of the past, say Falconer which, incidentally, largely on the explanation of nautical language, and included within his orbit battles, ports, admirals, oceans, anything to do with the sea; or almost anything, for constraints there must be.

One must, as the editor points out in his preface, draw the line somewhere and so, for instance, dinghy sailing "catered for by a wealth of readily available literature" is not. There will be few to complain on that score, but the line must be in the right place and there will be some to suck their teeth at the thought that almost the whole of physical oceanography has been left out for an analogous reason. Nevertheless such an amputation is probably better than saying much less about far more.

By including biographies the editor has set himself a delicate task, for here if anywhere there will be room for dispute about relevance and importance, not only as between individuals but also between epochs. Does Admiral Van Horn merit an entry three times as long as Amerigo Vesputi?

If there is a general criticism indeed it might be that the vantage ground is so often that of the Royal Navy—no bad observation post it might be thought, but one that betrays a certain provincialism. "THE TABLES, a publication, in three main parts, of the British Hydrographic Department of the Navy..." may not be typical but it is the kind of thing one has in mind.

The entries appear alphabetically; none is attributed, but the names of the twenty-seven distinguished contributors are given in the preliminary pages. Cross-reference is, ingeniously, by the use of asterisks.

Naval history and the history of discovery and exploration, as one might expect from a list of contri-

butors that includes Arthur Marler, Samuel Eliot Morison and the editor himself, account for much of the best writing in the book. Entries such as those for Cook, Columbus, North-East Passage, Nelson, to name only a few, are spring to mind. Inevitably, are models of how such things should be. The great sea battles, from Salamis to the Coral Sea, the feats of the Elizabethan adventurers, the work of early hydrographers, the long and arduous search for a northern route to the Pacific, and a whole range of maritime endeavour over the ages are described with an admirable authority.

Perhaps one third of the book is devoted to the definition of nautical terms, the currency of that rich and precise language of the sea that can bestow a Homeric quality on the most prosaic writing. Dead-eyes and futtock shrouds may not be much in use nowadays but they are the right and only terms for those things and the editor has wisely not taken it upon himself to declare what is archaic and what not. Even for those versed in such matters there will be much that is new: Farnood, Hellas, Gynn, and Pig Yoke, to quote but a few.

Working boats receive perhaps less than their due, although most traditional British craft are mentioned one way or another. Except for a short entry for junk, Chinese seafaring is ignored. The researches of the late G. R. G. Worcester and the present Joseph Needham in Volume 4 of his monumental *Science and Civilization in China*, remain apparently untapped.

Most sailing today, at least in the Western world, is, of course, for pleasure, and yachting and small-boat sailing generally receive generous treatment. The famous designers are there, Fife, Watson, Herreshoff (misspelt), Nicholson, Stephens and so on, their inclusion inevitably becoming more controversial as one approaches the present. There are mistakes: Robert Clark is credited with only one of his two Gipsy Moths; Illingworth is not credited with Gipsy Moth IV; and Bloodhound and Foxhound, both designed by Nicholson, are attributed to Fife.

The selection of individual sailors is inevitably difficult, but although there are one or two questionable entries the editor on the whole acquires himself well. The most serious omission is David Lewis whose work on Polynesian navigation was simply the introduction of the idea of the intercept, which vastly simplified the solution of the celestial triangle and how the resulting position lines might be plotted on the chart. Almost all methods of sight reduction today, whether logarithmic or by means of direct-entry tables, or instrumental or by computer, are based on the method. One gets the impression that the book that St. Hilaire is somehow tied up with the cosine-inverse method and, in one passage, with the transfer of position lines for the course and distance steamed between sights. The great French admiral

who is more widely known, culminating in his recent attempt to circumnavigate the Antarctic continent on his own. Of the two men first to circumnavigate the globe single-handed and without stop, Morison and John Johnston, the one gets his first name, the other his family name misspelt.

There are some strange omissions among the yacht clubs listed. The Cruising Club of America, whose rating rule until the recent introduction of the International Offshore Rule governed all American ocean racing, must merit an entry. This club, too, is responsible for the conduct of the prestigious Bermuda race run every two years from Newport, Rhode Island (not Long Island as stated elsewhere). The Royal Cork Yacht Club, the oldest yacht club in the world, one might add in passing, has its headquarters in Crosshaven not Cobh.

Navigation, and more especially astronomical navigation, gets a somewhat raw deal. Satellite navigation systems, for example, now afloat in both military and commercial craft, receive no mention. Of hyperbolic navigation systems we read: "These systems are all based on the fact that radio waves emanate from celestial bodies and travel in curves known mathematically as hyperbolae and navigational as great circles..." One would be hard put to conceive a more tortuously confused statement.

In all the entries which deal with the North Star, Polaris is confused with Kochab, another star of the same constellation, a situation made no clearer by the omission of the distinguishing Greek alpha before the name of the constellation. Dip of the horizon, a purely geometrical function dependent on the observer's height of eye, is lumped together with refraction, doubtless because of the obsolescent practice of combining the two corrections to the observed altitude of a heavenly body in the same table. Of celestial navigation in general we read that the astronomical triangle (formed by the observer's zenith, the elevated pole and the body observed) "is solved by calculations on the lines of the Cosine Theory and involves extensive use of mathematical tables..." The statement is meaningless.

It is by no means clear to the reader, and one inevitably wonders how clear it was to the contributor, that Marc St. Hilaire's contribution to astronomical navigation was simply the introduction of the idea of the intercept, which vastly simplified the solution of the celestial triangle and how the resulting position lines might be plotted on the chart. Almost all methods of sight reduction today, whether logarithmic or by means of direct-entry tables, or instrumental or by computer, are based on the method. One gets the impression that the book that St. Hilaire is somehow tied up with the cosine-inverse method and, in one passage, with the transfer of position lines for the course and distance steamed between sights. The great French admiral

(Marc de Blaud de St Hilaire) might indeed have merited a biographical entry on his own. And so on might Captain Lecky whose *Wrinkles in Practical Navigation*, published almost one hundred years ago, remains one of the classics of English navigational literature.

Who, one wonders, might turn up DIAMOND of EMMOR, only one of a number of error configurations that relate to the accuracy of navigational fix. An informed entry on the subject might at least have shown the last paragraph under CELESTIAL NAVIGATION to be the nonsense it is. "Where the new reduced tables will produce an observed position within a nautical mile of the true position, navigators using the older methods normally worked to a tenth of a nautical mile, or 200 yards, and would expect their sights..." will produce an observed position within this distance of the true position. If they did it can only have been through ignorance, for it can be shown that where there is an inescapable error, in this case that of observation, very little is gained by a better other sources of error beyond a certain point, which turns out to be about half the inescapable error. All investigations show that the accuracy of astronomical observation attained (as opposed to that of celestial navigation) is of the order of one minute of arc, and the new tables have thus led to a reduction in accuracy that is wholly insignificant. One would not so labour the point were it not indicative of the loose and uninformed thinking that marks so many

The conduct of ships at sea has been radically altered by the introduction of traffic separation schemes, first of all in the Dover Strait in 1967 and subsequently in the converging areas throughout the world. Their object is to thin out the traffic by separating opposing streams and to lessen the incidence of end-on encounters which can be shown to be those most likely to result in collision. The schemes were introduced at first on a voluntary basis but following a rash of collisions in the English Channel in 1971 certain governments made them mandatory for their own shipping. From June 1977 (1977) the United Nations Convention on the Law of the Sea will be mandatory for all ships. Traffic separation receives no mention in the book, nor does the International Maritime Organization, the agency responsible for such matters. It should be added that one-way traffic and the Collision Regulations are mentioned in an inadequate and wholly misleading entry under SAFETY OF LIFE AT SEA.

The editor, aware that the very range of his subject has lain the book open to error, prudently foresees a revised edition in which the mistakes will have been corrected. It would be a fastidious reader who would wish to wait.

The book is intelligently illustrated and, as one might expect from its provenance, a pleasure to handle.

Working class

By Basil Greenhill

ROGER FINCH:
Sailing Craft of the British Isles
160pp. Collins. £4.95.

A clear indication as to whether a technical device is obsolete or not is whether it is still being manufactured. Merchant sailing and fishing vessels effectively ceased to be built in Britain before the First World War. Great numbers of them were built in Canada and the United States between 1917 and 1920 and none thereafter. The sailing vessels built in Scandinavia at the same period were constructed to have oil engines installed as soon as they were built. Only the special local economies of Denmark and the Iberian Peninsula produced new vessels equipped with traditional areas of canvas until the Second World War. After a long time, they, too, were made obsolete. In Europe and North America for well over fifty years.

In her various forms she was, of course, one of the most important tools by which Western man established his dominion over the world. There has been serious study of a few aspects of her history for several generations, but only recently have some fundamental questions been asked, and the answers will take a long time to find. Meanwhile popular interest, partly arising from a search for a better world than never was, has grown, and has been served by many books, some very bad.

Roger Finch writes with an authority born of a life-long interest stretching far enough back for him to have had personal experience of the dying technology. He is also an accurate and skilled draftsman. The result is a popular book which, in its style, is balanced and reliable, a very useful compendium, at the level at which it aims, of facts about some of the types of working boats and local maritime vessels of the early years of this century, well introduced and admirably illustrated with his own drawings and with photographs.

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Soldiers of Christ the King

By David Brading

JEAN A. MEYER
The Cristero Rebellion
The Mexican People Between Church and State 1926-1929
Translated by Richard Southern
260pp. Cambridge University Press. £7.70.

Once upon a time in Mexico there was a wicked dictator called Porfirio Díaz who robbed the poor to enrich landlords, the Church and foreign capitalists. In 1910 the masses rose in armed revolt to recover their lost land and liberty. Admittedly, the Revolution lost its course as the leaders fought for power, but by the 1920s some degree of political order was attained. Then, in the next decade, the Revolution finally yielded its expected fruit, when President Lázaro Cárdenas distributed land on a massive scale and nationalized the oil industry.

This pleasing fairy-tale is still recounted at the endless round of election meetings at which the governing bureaucracy in Mexico publicizes its candidates. More surprising, populist opinion in the United States, influenced by the writings of Frank Tammenbaum, a former associate of the International Workers of the World or "Wobblies", accepted it as a true account of events. It was only during the 1960s, as the capitalist nature of the Mexican economy became ever more apparent, that the official version came under heavy attack from abroad. For in his brilliantly conceived study of the Cristero Rebellion, Jean Meyer, who was a close friend of the peasant movement led by Emiliano Zapata, John Womack was at pains to draw the contrast between the honest desires of the "country-folk" of Morelos and the rapacity of the victorious arms recruited below the northern frontier. It was Venustiano Carranza, a former Porfirian senator

and the first President of the Revolution, who despatched the forces which brutally crushed the federation of self-organizing villages set up by Zapata. Written with the verve of a novel by John Steinbeck (who wrote the script of the Marlon Brando film on the same subject) Professor Womack's *Zapata* was published in 1968 and at once found a wide readership among a generation of students enamoured with the idea of Che Guevara and the possibilities of guerrilla warfare.

What audience, one wonders, will be attracted to *The Cristero Rebellion*? For sure, Jean Meyer is no friend of Leviathan. He has few kind words for the ruthless band of generals who seized control of the revolutionary state in order to create vast personal fortunes. Adapting the thesis of Tocqueville to a New World context, he argues that the Mexican Revolution continued and extended the work of the ancient régime of Porfirio Díaz, as regards the modernization of the economy and the centralization of political power. This interpretation, well in accord with the observations of such scholars as Arnaldo Cordoba and Roger Hanson, which seems destined to be sticking points in Meyer's narrative is that his heroes are the western peasantry which fought against the Revolution in the name of Christ the King. For the men who enrolled in this Mexican Vespers, as he once called the Revolution, in an apocalyptic in which Antichrist, in the person of countless generals, burnt, raped, plundered and murdered his way across the country, the agrarian reform of these years was a device whereby a little more than a captive rural clientele, which could be used as cannon-fodder in the next round of civil conflict. As Meyer emphasizes that several Zapatistas and Cristeros—these peasants sought freedom from the excesses of the Revolution and dreamt of a political system in

which villages could command their own destiny, with the land distributed among individual proprietors. Inspired by the religious sociology of Gabriel Le Bras, M. Meyer examines both the remarkable reawakening of spiritual and institutional, over which characterized the life of the Mexican church during the closing decades of the nineteenth century and the geography of sacramental devotion. There is a rural Mexico here which reminds one of nineteenth-century Ireland.

In the zones of *mexico* settlement the priesthood, generally recruited among the sons of prosperous farmers and storekeepers, emerged as the natural leaders of its communities and used its position to encourage a significant renewal of religious observance and attachment. At the national level the hierarchy continued to debate questions of social justice and in 1912 backed the Catholic Party, which gained a considerable number of seats in the national Congress. Two years later, during the brief presidency of the reactionary General Huerta, the bishops publicly dedicated Mexico to Christ the King. But M. Meyer argues that the "apple of discord" which provoked open rupture between Church and the Revolutionary State was the organization of Catholic unions which threatened the control hitherto exercised over the industrial proletariat by the union formation. Donated by Luis Morones, a chief henchman of President Calles. In any case, the revolutionary elite, be they new socialists or old Jacobins, all united to condemn any revival in the power of a church which for them embodied the ills and errors of a Mexico they wished to eradicate.

In the event, both sides in the conflict, the politicians and the bishops, were surprised, not to say outflanked, by the spontaneous rebellion of the western peasantry, who at the height of their power occupied a broad arc of territory stretching from Guerrero to Durango, with the uplands of Jalisco constituting the epicentre of this

political earthquake. In accord with the finest tradition of French historiography, M. Meyer seeks to "install" the Cristeros as a movement which does not conceal its religious identification with these peasants, in whom, much as he finds the spirit of true religion, his evident sympathy with the cause was for him access to private papers of former clerical leaders, who talked freely of the help he had given to the cause. It is these magnificent confessions, such a bad ruler after all, has reported by the military intelligence of the American observers, which M. Meyer to reject out of hand. A simple economic or comparative explanation of the rebellion, as he does, is to be desired. Barbara Levick, in a typically detailed chapter to this small, unassuming, but well-written and well-balanced discussion, but needs read several times before taking shape at all clearly in the mind—by local men from much more than a religious background, as he has to be. It was precisely the nature of the urban intellectuals or *mexico* clerics at the helm of the movement, which damned it to eventual obscurity. For the years of guerrilla warfare, the usual tactics of the Cristeros, re-settlement, peace was made by the American ambassador, Mr. Morrow, backed by the combined weight of Washington and the local (which had never approved the revolt) persuaded President Carranza to the Mexican hierarchy to come to terms. Described by the church establishment, which out of surety of safe-conduct, to the rebels to lay down arms, the Cristeros returned to fields, where, in some cases, they were soon unshaken and shot.

As regards the Revolution, M. Meyer's work is an admirable piece of writing. Any claim to the victorious coalition led by Carranza and Obregón represented the cause of the Mexican peasant must have been treated with the greatest reserve. Those men and their associates ruthlessly suppressed both the Zapatistas and the Cristeros. As yet, however, apart from the dissertation of Mr. Aguilar Camín, seen to be published, we lack any characterization of the aims and interests which dominated this revolution. If the Cristeros have been slow to address their research in this direction, it is in part because the official version has been elevated to the status of a necessary myth. In any case, we should remember that the popular hero of the Revolution, celebrated in song and film, was Lázaro Cárdenas, a man of the North, a none too social bandit, whose *Cristero* was the revolution in the forefront of the civil war, rather than the sullen reticence of Zapata, who had fascinated and horrified the

Luis Guzmán, the finest talent in the Revolution. Finally, although the edition of the series in which it appears is to be congratulated for its courage, it is certainly not the original dissertation into a book. It must be confessed that the English translation is stiff, and any stilted, and that the volume of the three volumes of the Mexican edition, well conceived in principle, it places leaves a reader with a breathless narrative to support the argument. But these are minor irritants. No one who seeks to understand modern Mexico can afford not to read M. Meyer's great work, which in equal measure is a masterpiece of research and extraordinary measure in the wide-ranging primary research and a rare comparably with the subjects of his story.

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The metropolis comes first

by Michael Grant

BARBARA LEVICK
Tiberius the Politician
288pp. Thames and Hudson. £9.50.

The modern idea, reacting from the gloomy, though gloomy, was not such a bad ruler after all, has been ported by the military intelligence of the American observers, which M. Meyer to reject out of hand. A simple economic or comparative explanation of the rebellion, as he does, is to be desired. Barbara Levick, in a typically detailed chapter to this small, unassuming, but well-written and well-balanced discussion, but needs read several times before taking shape at all clearly in the mind—by local men from much more than a religious background, as he has to be. It was precisely the nature of the urban intellectuals or *mexico* clerics at the helm of the movement, which damned it to eventual obscurity. For the years of guerrilla warfare, the usual tactics of the Cristeros, re-settlement, peace was made by the American ambassador, Mr. Morrow, backed by the combined weight of Washington and the local (which had never approved the revolt) persuaded President Carranza to the Mexican hierarchy to come to terms. Described by the church establishment, which out of surety of safe-conduct, to the rebels to lay down arms, the Cristeros returned to fields, where, in some cases, they were soon unshaken and shot.

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of his life has always seemed striking and startling. Tacitus indicated that he himself, like most historians, attributed the emperor's withdrawal to the intrigues of his praetorian guard—with the finances, which he customarily showed even when at questionable views—that this theory was perhaps somewhat weakened by Tiberius's failure to return during the six years of his mother Livia (who, however, died even before Sejanus), or to hide away from the world his unprepossessing appearance, or to conceal his cruelty and immorality. But the last English biographer of Tiberius, Robert Seaman, more plausibly ascribed the withdrawal to Capri to his exhaustion and weariness with public business, adding that these feelings had already been present before Sejanus rose to power at all, but that Sejanus had played on them, exploited them and brought them to fulfillment.

Dr Levick attributes the retreat to Capri, in part, to Tiberius's consciousness of the failure of his policy to cooperate with the Senate (combined, perhaps, with a "misguided idea that his absence would encourage the Senate to debate more freely"). A few pages later, referring to the blotches on his face which were patched with plaster, she comments that "what he was trying to hide and patch up was his complex and deeply disturbed personality in the dynasty." And this brings us to one of her most original and controversial contributions.

It is, of course, well known that Tiberius was hopelessly at odds with Agrippina, the widow of his nephew and adoptive son Germanicus—and daughter of Tiberius's former wife Julia—and that this cost Agrippina and her two eldest sons their lives. But Dr Levick boldly traces back himself, whereas Demosthenes regarded him as a deadly enemy to Athens and to all self-respecting city states; but both were willing to distort or suppress the truth if thereby they could display their own actions and policies in a more favourable light. It is thus hard to discover why the two men, who Philip's dealings with the Greeks, and harder still to divine what Philip may have wanted to happen.

Dr Ellis recognizes the Macedonian army as "the instrument and expression of the new unity"; and the army had to win successes against foreign enemies if the newly found energies were not to be turned inwards on Macedon itself. The two directions in which the army could most profitably be pointed were south, towards Greece, and east, towards the Persian Empire.

The year 346 is crucial for an assessment of Philip's aims. Philip's moves towards Greece had led to his becoming involved in a sacred war; the Phocians had seized control of Delphi, opposition to them was led by Thebes, the strongest and hardest power in Greece, and Philip acknowledged his supremacy, and was about to embark on a crusade against the Persian Empire. Our evidence for Philip's achievements in Macedonia and Greece, and largely Athenian; Dr Ellis begins with a survey of the kingdom which Philip inherited, and ends with Philip's various marriages within his own family, but the core of the book is inevitably devoted to the growth of Macedonian power and its impact on the Greek cities.

both this and many critical situations in the previous principate of Augustus to the evil genius of a lady whom most of us had thought to have been long forgotten by this time, the once formidable Scribonia, who had been married to Augustus as he was later called until he divorced her in favour of Livia the mother of Tiberius, then an infant. It is an ingenious theory, and deserves serious consideration: perhaps Dr Levick's very revealing genealogical table C ("The descendants of Scribonia") will do more to enforce persuasion than anything else.

The names involved are a complicated maze. And so, for the most part, it must be said, are many of the pages of Dr Levick's book. The proliferation of nomenclature, though perhaps necessary to make Dr Levick's points, raises certain rather serious questions about the nature of such books—and they are raised again by the mass of Latin words it contains, some, but not all, explained. Tiberius the politician is one of a series of books by H. H. Scullard entitled "Aspects of Greek and Roman Life". The two dozen books that have appeared maintain an impressive standard. But what is not at all so sure is their fulfilment of the claim set by the publisher's blurb, which is that they appeal not only to the scholar and student but "are also of great value to the general reader who is interested in a specific field of study (for example, war or the sciences) and wishes to learn about the contribution made to it by the Greeks and Romans." This sort of general reader will certainly be foxed by the three Druses on page 168 of Dr Levick's book, the half-dozen tribes on pages 130 to 131. True, by vigorous application it can be understood who they all are now. But would it not be good tactics to give a little more detail to this type of reader, and to the sciences? Or, alternatively, scan the blurb and forget the general reader is

take him out of Greece, not into Greece. Tiberius, as a land power, was a potential rival, but the naval power of Athens could be taken into partnership. Philip would have liked in 346 to change his allegiance and to join a cooperative Athens to Greece safe for his further ambitions; but this was prevented by Demosthenes's wrecking tactics, and so Philip had to fall back on his old ally, the Persians. He could not settle the affairs of Greece as he wished after he had defeated the combined forces of Athens and Thebes at Chaeronea in 338. Aeschines trusted Philip, and the Athenians ought to have trusted Aeschines.

Philip may already have begun to contemplate war against Persia by 346, though the evidence which Dr Ellis cites is not enough to prove it; it was certainly not in his interests to make Thebes too powerful, but I am not yet convinced that he wanted to break with Thebes or was sincere in the hints conveyed to Athens through Aeschines. Before the humiliation of Chaeronea it was surely impossible for Athens to fall in with Philip's plans: the smaller Greek cities were usually under the influence of some greater state, and might well find Philip at a safe distance a more congenial overlord than a Greek neighbour. But for Athens freedom included the freedom to form her own foreign policy, and no economic benefits would come for the loss of that.

From the beginning of the book, where the argument that Philip succeeded Pericles as king, not as regent for Pericles's young son, to the end, where he insists that Philip did not have the opportunity to father two children by his wife, Dr Ellis sticks to his guns, ready to challenge current doctrines; his views may come to be accepted, and the evidence which he cites does not always prove as much as he would like, but this is a thorough and thought-provoking book. (The maps, however, are disappointing; and there is no guide to the maps and tables which are scattered throughout the book.)

Subject to this one reservation, the book is a very useful one, and deserves to be read, along with Seager, by any present-day student of Tiberius. That competent modelled Augustus on his predecessor Augustus, and about Augustus too, and the relationship and resemblances between the two of them, Dr Levick has some things to say. Perhaps the most notable of them refers to the dynastic policy of Augustus. Strictly speaking, since his powers had all been personal, there was no question of a "succession" to him at all, but he knew better than that and devoted countless hours to planning who should succeed him after his death, and avoid savage disappointments because so many relatives predeceased him. The complications were great, and we are often mystified by the historical scene of more than one potential or conceivable, though unclarified, heir.

Dr Levick seeks to explain how and why this was: by 18 bc Augustus had his solution ready: a system of adoption, two men with powers identical or so nearly identical as to make no difference. If one died, the other would be left, unassailable. A more detailed exposition follows, based on earlier articles and to some extent on the work of other scholars such as Ernst Kornemann and E. B. Steadman, whose influence the acknowledgements. After some strange vicissitudes in earlier decades this theory can finally be seen to work for Tiberius's succession to Augustus, and indeed Dr Levick is hardly

prepared to admit that Tiberius "succeeded" him, as it is in the principate, in as much as all since he already had all the powers a princeps could need. But the same theory as he applies it to the succession to Tiberius twenty-three years later takes more difficult problems. Upon the grim scene of that time two youthful figures could be discerned, Agrippina's remaining son, Gaius (Caligula), aged twenty-five, and Tiberius's own grandson Gemellus, who was about sixteen. Dr Levick believes that Tiberius intended them "to be a pair", his joint successors. But this is hard to accept. It is perfectly true that, according to Suetonius, who is credible on this point, the emperor made a will in AD 35, which he never revoked, leaving Gaius and Gemellus joint heirs in equal part to his property. But the realization of a "joint" principle lay more than a century in the future, and surely the experienced old man was not so daft as to see that after his death Caligula would be in a far stronger political position than Gemellus and would inevitably become sole emperor. Tiberius, then, seem nearer to the truth here in ascribing to Tiberius the forecast that Gaius would kill Gemellus. Short of killing Gaius himself, which he was too fatalistic to do, there was no way in which Tiberius could prevent this. He had ascended to the supreme power through the blood of a relative, Agrippa Postumus, slain by himself or Augustus. And Gaius duly suppressed Gemellus. In the later aspects of the empire, imperial successions became bloodier and bloodier. The Romans were as sage politically as anyone but this was a vital problem which they never mastered.

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